

Sports Illustrated



Volume 27 Number 14 May 14, 1974 \$2.50

STRUGGLE AT THE TOP

New York's hustling Jerry Grote



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Charles Tanqueray*

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Our newest compact stereo. It may lose us some component customers.

Just when you're all set to buy some of our superb Sony components, we ask you to listen to our new HP-610. And be flabbergasted by its great sound. And wonder whether you need components after all.

We're not really nuts. We just suspect there are some highly sophisticated hi-fi buffs who secretly long for a compact.

Just because you know great sound, doesn't mean you have the room to accommodate components. And the time to shop around, to match and compare. Or that you're a whizz with a soldering iron and screwdriver. And get a kick out of building your own cabinets.

You think you *must* have components to get great sound. Well, think again.

Where most compacts fail to measure up is in the amplifier. The HP-610 has one with all-silicon transistors and a 66-watt music output (E.I.A. standard). That's a lot more powerful than many

components you could buy.

The speakers are better than anything we've ever offered in a compact. They're completely airtight, with 8" woofers, 4" mid-range, and 2" tweeters. Their fidelity will floor you.

The tuner has a long slide-rule dial for easy tuning. And a solid-state IF filter to screen out interference from neighboring stations. And Field Effect Transistors in the front end to pull in weak FM stations.

There's a Dual 3-speed automatic turntable with a Pickering micro-magnetic cartridge. And enough input and output jacks to satisfy the most insatiable hi-fi fiend. There's even a speaker-selector switch that lets you turn your remote speakers on and off separately from the main speakers.

There's also a price of around \$400. Which is maybe \$100 less than you'd have spent on our components. Perhaps we're nuts after all.

THE SONY HP-610 STEREO

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Next week

GOLF'S GREATEST PRIZE, the U.S. Open championship, is on the line again, this time at historic Merion. Don Jenkins will report the triumph—and the punts that wouldn't drop.

PING PONG PESTS, those competitors who monotonously block the ball back until you lose the point, can be exterminated. Dick Miles, 10-time U.S. champion, shows how.

THE HUNTERS turned out to be the hunted in a true and shocking game law case involving an undercover agent, the protected big game shop and some so-called "sportsmen."



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SHOPWALK

Yeah, but who's going to believe you broke your leg sking in the middle of summer?

The biggest phenomenon in the ski business is the summer racing camp. It is no longer necessary to be a national team member to benefit from summer on-snow training, for there are now more than 30 such camps operating here and abroad. The U.S. camps are reaching the height of their activity this month and next, and skiers who hurry may still be able to enroll.

Most of the camps are coeducational and open to all ages from 9 up. The participants should be a strong parallel skier, and emphasis is put on slalom and giant slalom training, with only slight downhill work. There are generally five to six hours of on-snow training daily, and sometimes extra-curricular activities—volleyball, tennis and soccer—in the late afternoons. In the evening there is a critique of the day's work, an analysis of video tapes, instruction on the care of equipment and viewing of ski films. Prices vary, but the average range is between \$300 and \$400, depending on the length of the session. Most are for one week, but some extend to 10 days or longer.

Rick Rosen of Aspen, Colo. trains groups of 25 skiers at each of three 20-day sessions at the 12,000-foot level in Montezuma Basin. He estimates that it takes about five days for a person to regain his ski legs and another five to correct mistakes, hence the extended session. He has two classes left. They start July 5 and August 17 and each costs \$400.

Billy Kidd and Egon Zimmermann are guest coaches this year at the Twin Lakes Headwall in the Beartooth Mountains near Red Lodge, Mont., where two 10-day sessions remain this summer, starting June 26 and July 6, at \$260 each. Austrian Pepi Gramshammer, Anderl Muller and Erich Sailer conduct the camp.

Bend, Ore. is the site of Bob Beattie's children's camp, sponsored by the Garco Corp. One session, beginning this week, remains for this year. Bill Marolt heads the coaching staff. Cost for the 10-day session: \$285.

The All-American Ski Camp in Cooke City, Mont. is in its fifth year, now under the sponsorship of Spalding. Director John Hitchcock leads 10-day sessions for average recreational skiers from age 12 and up. The final class begins June 29 and costs \$270.

Pepi Stuehler, who heads the Jackson Hole ski school, is also director of its summer camp on Rendezvous Peak in Cody Bowl. The facility is in its fourth year. The last of the 10-day sessions will begin on June 28 and costs \$260.

With the long, snowless summer stretching out ahead, these icy Chautauques are as welcome to action-starved skiers as a toasty on a mountaintop.

—FELICIA LEE

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Curious that, tomorrow, a caretaker in Vienna opened a long-forgotten trunk and found in it a completely unknown work by Ludwig van Beethoven.

What excitement there would be! It would be like finding a new play by Shakespeare, a new painting by Leonardo da Vinci.

Recording companies would make astronomical bids for the new work, radio and television stations would build entire programs around the sale of music stores would rocket! Every man, woman and child in the western world would want to hear the new masterpiece. And own a recording of it!

Of course no such find has been made. Nevertheless, a substantial part of Beethoven's great work remains unknown to many music lovers—including some of the world's most confirmed and rabid and dedicated and staunch Beethoven lovers. (And, naturally, every music lover is a Beethoven lover!)

That is why Time-Life Records has joined with the famous Deutsche Grammophon Gesellschaft recording company of Germany to present a definitive collection of Beethoven's works.

Some years ago, Deutsche Grammophon Gesellschaft embarked upon an historic project. Looking forward to the 200th anniversary of Beethoven's birthday, they set out to put together the most comprehensive collection of Beethoven recordings ever assembled. No company was better equipped to accomplish this ambitious task, for DGG is widely regarded as one of the finest recording companies in the world—the standard by which other companies are often judged.

When word of this unique collection reached Time-Life Records, we moved fast. Working closely with DGG, our people reviewed the 73

records the German experts had selected as truly representative of Beethoven's work. Then they selected the fifty they felt would be best received by music lovers in America.

The result—the magnificent BEETHOVEN BICENTENATE COLLECTION—is consists of ten albums of five records each that, like no other collection, present the master at his incomparable best. The nine symphonies alone have already won the Grand Prix du Disque (Paris), the world's most coveted award for recording artistry and quality!

**Pay only \$16.95* for Album I—
if you decide to keep it.**

Listen to Album I—the first six of the nine symphonies—for ten days free without risking so much as a penny! See if you don't agree that this is the greatest bargain in the history of classical recordings!

Just send us the attached card and we will enroll you as a subscriber. You will then receive five 12-inch LP stereo records each individually packaged in a polyethylene sleeve, and all housed in a double-slipcase. You can play these records on modern manual equipment too. The BEETHOVEN BICENTENATE COLLECTION is sold only by mail, and only through Time-Life Records.

And, thanks to our large volume of sales, your cost per record is far lower than comparable records sold in record stores—even lower than those sold in most discount stores! The selections on your first album, all performed by the great Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra under Herbert von Karajan, are:

Symphony No. 1 in C Major—The lyrical creation that ushered in a bold, romantic era of innovation.

Symphony No. 2 in D Major—One of the happiest of the master's works, filled with fire.

Symphony No. 3 in E-Flat Major—The mighty "Eroica," which was Beethoven's own favorite.

Symphony No. 4 in E-Flat Major—Humorous and tender, reflecting a happy period in Beethoven's life.

Symphony No. 5 in C Minor—The most famous symphony ever written, it begins in grim struggle and ends in exultant victory.

Symphony No. 6 in F Major—The "Pastoral" is inspired musical painting, with its murmuring brooks, thunderstorm and rustic dancing.

SPECIAL BONUS! Leonore Overture No. 3—The most famous of the overtures to "Fidelio." Its trumpet calls are unforgettable.

Audition the complete Bicentennial Collection without any obligation.

But this album is only the beginning! As a subscriber you receive subsequent albums that will bring a rich feast of Beethoven at his best, the rest of the Nine Symphonies—Overtures and Orchestral Pieces—Concertos—the great Piano Works—Music for the Stage—Choral Music—String Quartets—Chamber Music—Music for Violin and Cello.

You will hear Wilhelm Kempff at the piano, the Vienna Symphony Orchestra, the Amadeus Quartet, the Vienna Choral Society—and other great artists of world renown.

These future Beethoven albums, issued at approximately two-month intervals, will be sent to you to audition and examine. You may return or accept any of them you choose. There is absolutely no obligation to buy a minimum number.

In the history of music, there has never been
a man like Ludwig van Beethoven.

"Before the name
of Beethoven we
must all bow in
reverence."

Giuseppe Verdi

"The impetuous
fury of his strength,
which he could
quite easily contain
and control, but
often would not,
and the spontaneity
of his fun, go
beyond anything
of the kind to be
found in the work
of other
composers."

George Bernard Shaw

"Dante (in) the great Italian
Shakespeare, the great Englishman;
Beethoven, the great German."

Victor Hugo

"He developed (the symphony) to
its highest point, doing for it what
Renaissance did for painting."

Arthur Schopenhauer
Metropolitan Opera Conductor



"He was ugly and
half crazy."

Margherita Wilhelme
In rejecting his proposal

"The great musician
of all times"

Old Dawson
Former N.Y. Times
music critic

"He has never
learned anything,
and he can do nothing
in decent
style."

Altenbrunnenberg

His music teacher in 1797

"No composer has ever melted his
heavens into complete sentimentality
by the beauty of his music,
and then suddenly turned on them
and mocked them with derisive
trumpet blasts for being such
fools."

George Bernard Shaw
"He was a Titan, something with
the gods."

Richard Wagner

Never before have there been records like these!



Conductor

Herbert von

Karajan.

The

Saturday

Review

called him the

most

learned

conductor in Europe

and "perhaps the

best (con-

ductor) of his

generation."

Von Karajan,

who conducts

the first

nine

symphonies, is equally at home in

the great opera houses of the world

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Europe and America. As a Bei-

ethoven interpreter, he carries the

grand tradition of Toscanini, Furt-

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The Berlin Philharmonic, it has

been numbered "among the world's

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Beethoven with such depth of un-

derstanding and technical brilliance.

The Recordings: Deutsche Grammophon Gesellschaft. A critic has said, "At Deutsche Grammophon quality is not a philosophy, it is an obsession." Small wonder, then, that the nine symphonies in the Beethoven Bicentennial Collection have already won the famed Grand Prix du Disque (Paris) Grammy. Grammophon's concern with achieving perfection extends all along the multi-stage, intricate process of recording. The results are heard on every Deutsche Grammophon record—hailed by connoisseurs as among the world's finest.



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BI-CENTENNIAL COLLECTION

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\$16⁹⁵*

if you decide to keep it
*Plus shipping and handling



\$29.50 Beethoven Book free with purchase of first six symphonies!

Beethoven lovers will revel in this big, exquisitely designed and printed book that covers the master and his work in fascinating detail.

Both text and pictures were prepared in cooperation with the famed Beethoven Archive in Germany. It includes much material that had never been available to the public before!

It will be shipped to you free when you order Album I of the Beethoven Bicentennial Collection. And it is yours to keep—free—if you decide to keep the record album.

Here is just a sample of the riches this superb volume contains:

- An absorbing chronicle of Beethoven's life and times.
- Authoritative essays and discussions of every aspect of his work.
- Reproductions of the original scores of many of Beethoven's greatest compositions, written and annotated in his own hand.
- An illuminating article on Beethoven's way of life and character.
- And much, much more!

Book measures
12½ x 12½ inches.
275 pages and
150 color plates.

The Beethoven Bicentennial Collection

This epoch-making collection has been assembled in 19 Volumes by Deutsche Grammophon Gesellschaft and Tape-Lite Records. It brings you Beethoven at his best in magnificent stereo recordings featuring world-renowned conductors and artists including Herbert von Karajan, Wilhelm Kempff, the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, the Vienna Symphony Orchestra, the Amadeus Quartet—and other outstanding artists.

By requesting now you gain a unique opportunity to listen to Vol. 1 for 10 days free. If you decide to keep it you pay only the low \$16.95* price. Or you may return the album and book and owe nothing.

At approximately two-month intervals, subsequent albums will be offered at the same low price and free audition privilege. There is never any obligation for you to purchase additional albums, and no minimum number you must accept.

But here is a unique opportunity for you and your family to sample the very best by the incomparable Beethoven.

Complete Contents of the Beethoven Bicentennial Collection

- VOL. I SYMPHONIES AND OVERTURES
PART 1
- VOL. II SYMPHONIES AND OVERTURES
PART 2
- VOL. III CONCERTOS
- VOL. IV PIANO SONATAS
- VOL. V MUSIC FOR THE STAGE
- VOL. VI CHORAL MUSIC
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SCORECARD

Edited by MARTIN RANE

LOOPHOLE ON THE ICE

In an attempt to prevent those bench-clearing brawls that have turned hockey games into circuses, the National Hockey League adopted some strict new rules during its Montreal meetings last week.

The first identifiable player off the bench will be hit with a five-minute major penalty and a game misconduct. Five-minute penalties must be served in their entirety; the offending player cannot leave the penalty box when the opposition scores a goal. Thus, his team will be shorthanded for five minutes. But a game misconduct means he cannot return to the game at all. A substitute must play in his place. In the case of a star player, that can be very serious.

Should the player repeat the offense in a second game, the same penalties will apply, but in addition the player will be given a one-game suspension with loss of salary.

NHL President Clarence Campbell pointed out that if so many game misconducts are assessed that a team is below playing strength, that team would have to forfeit the game.

It's a step in the right direction, all right, but someone has suggested that a clever coach—Punch Imlach comes to mind—might keep an old rugged retrain like Reggie Fleming on his bench for the sole purpose of leading the charge. He would be punished, but the fight would be worth it.

TOO LATE FOR JOE

As Joe Namath can tell you, the incidence of knee injury in football is excessive and has been for many years. Now comes Joseph S. Torg, M.D., of Temple University's Department of Orthopedic Surgery, and Theodore Quendenfeld, Temple's athletics department trainer, with a recommendation, based on a long and thorough study, that just might turn out to be the penicillin of the knee.

They feel they have proven what

has long been suspected, that "the cleat structure of the conventional football shoe is responsible for the fixation of the foot on the ground, with subsequent forces and abnormal motions transmitted to the knee resulting in injury to the joint."

Their suggestion: change from football to soccer shoes.

Over the past three years they have conducted a study of the 18 schools of the Philadelphia Public High School Football League and the 18 in the Philadelphia Catholic High School Football League to determine the effect of shoe type and cleat length on the incidence and severity of knee injuries. In 1968 all varsity players in the public league and in 1969 all varsity players in the Catholic league wore the conventional football shoes containing seven three-quarter-inch cleats. In 1969 and 1970 all varsity public league players wore a soccer shoe with a molded sole containing 14 three-eighth-inch cleats. All players in the Catholic league wore a similar shoe in the 1970 season. In both leagues, all practices and games were conducted on natural turf.

"A comparison of statistics obtained for the respective seasons," they reported, "demonstrated that a marked decrease in both incidence and severity of knee injuries occurred when the 'soccer' type shoe was worn. In addition, in the Catholic league, there was also a noticeable decrease in the incidence of ankle injuries." Most impressive was the reduction of knee operations that had to be performed—from 11 to four in the public league and from 17 to two in the Catholic league.

SO MUCH FOR ALABAMA ET AL.

The only major sports conference that does not award athletic scholarships, though there are tricky ways to get around that, is the Ivy League. From the record of late you would not know it.

The University of Pennsylvania got

into the regional finals of the 1971 NCAA basketball tournament. Cornell won this year's national lacrosse title. It also won the 1970 hockey tournament, and a former Cornell goalie, Ken Dryden, was chosen Most Valuable Player in the 1971 Stanley Cup playoffs. Columbia tied for this year's NCAA fencing title. Harvard went to the nationals in soccer the last two years. Dartmouth was fifth in the NCAA baseball tournament last year.

And so on. Two Ivy baseball players, Pete Varney of Harvard and Pete Broberg of Dartmouth, were first choices in two separate categories of the major league draft this spring. Tom Gage, a Cornell grad, recorded the top hammer throw for an American this year. Yale grad Frank Shorter has run the fastest six miles in the world for 1971. Geoff Petrie of Princeton won the NBA's co-Rookie of the Year. In all, quite a scholarly show.

ENDANGERED SPECIES

Because he is much too skilled at pitching curve balls into a dish and winning Teddy bears, Glenn Kimbler of Baltimore has been banished from the Gwynn Oak Amusement Park.



"He's like having Willie Sutton in a bank," explained Glenn Rhodes, manager of the park, hinting darkly that Kimbler's methods were not quite orthodox.

"Why should I cheat," demanded the expert, "when I can win all the bears I need on the straight?"

In the two weeks since the park has been open this year, Kimbler has won

continued



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SCORECARD continued

four of the two-foot-high bears. Last year he won 10.

"I can usually get a bear in three tries [which costs him three nickels]," Kimbler said. "But even if it takes more, I never leave until I've got one. It might take me up to \$3, but I always walk away with a bear when I go in there. That's what drives them nuts."

Kimbler has been giving the bears to hospitalized children. On the chance that someone else might wish to take up the sport, Kimbler revealed that his technique involves putting a bit of spin on the nickel and pitching it with a slight arc in the trajectory. As for himself, "I might try a disguise," he said, "but on second thought it would be impossible to disguise my talent."

SOCKO PERFORMANCE

A bit of trouble developed at about 28,000 feet over Boulder, Colo., last week when the flame went out on the propane burners, but Engineer Karl H. Stefan got them fired again and climbed on up to 31,500 feet to set a new hot-air balloon world altitude record. Then he waited down routinely and he and his partner, Denver executive Chauncey Dunn Jr., fixed up the trouble.

Next morning Dunn clambered into the 1,100-pound gondola and took the yellow, red and white striped balloon up to 34,000 feet for still another new world mark. (In both cases, the sealed barographs carried in the gondola will be sent to the Franklin Institute in Philadelphia, the outfit which makes such records official.) It was a pretty heady week for both men. Stefan pointed out that he now holds the record for the shortest record, and Dunn allowed that "we both worked so hard, it doesn't matter who won."

But about that bit of trouble: it seems the valves were freezing on the propane burners, a natural-enough hazard since the temperatures up there were about 60° below zero. So balloonists Stefan and Dunn fell back on good old American ingenuity. They fitted the valves with electric socks, the kind that hunters stuff into their boots to keep their toes warm.

GOING, GOING, GONE

If you want to get shirts for your bowling league or buy 1,655 minnow lures or maybe just treat yourself to a new tennis racket, the place to go for bargains is New York's U.S. Bureau of Customs.

Last week the customs people, who run an auction of abandoned, unclaimed, forfeited and/or seized goods every three months, completed their latest sale, and it was quite a haul for the U.S. Treasury: \$162,853 for the largest number of lots ever offered.

Patience you need, because somewhere along in the 113-page catalog, a Bronx housewife or maybe a home-economics teacher will outbid you for 26 kitchen articles, or a squirrelly little guy will get your fishing lures. A long-haired type will purchase a \$7,000 package of transmitters, receivers and amplifiers for a measly \$500, and some well-dressed, tweed-capped gentleman will raise the bid on that wonderful 1946 MG you liked. Nor will you have a chance against the merchant who wants 81 women's lace jump suits or 175 pairs of men's shorts, but if you are sports-minded you may win the bid for three boat propellers, some used golf bags and clubs, 22 toy cars, eight inflatable swimming pools, two wooden jigsaw puzzles, some model sailboats, a handsome game table, chess sets or one damaged canoe.

If none of that appeals, try gin, Scotch, wine, vodka or brandy for a cold night in a ski lodge.

OLD MEN'S GAME

The Tournament Players Division of the Professional Golf Association took a hard look at its roster the other day and concluded that, unlike many other athletes—as, for instance, football, baseball and basketball players—golfers do not necessarily wilt when they reach the age of 35.

Halfway through the PGA's 1971 schedule, the figures show that four of the current top 10 money winners are 40 or over, have won six of the first 22 tournaments and have pocketed, collectively, \$357,000—or more than 10% of the total prize money at stake.

What is more, seven of the 13 players leading the year's scoring averages are 40 or over, and of the 15 players leading the point race for berths on the 1971 Ryder Cup team, seven are 40 or over.

Topping even that, every low-scoring record for the 1971 season thus far is held or shared by a player 40 or over.

THE BATTING ORDER CHANGETH

In Gail Hopkins, used primarily in a pinch-hitting role by the Kansas City Royals, major league baseball may have

its first genuine scholar-intellectual since the days of Moe Berg, catcher and linguist.

When the Royals were in New York recently, Hopkins, before going out to Yankee Stadium and hitting a three-run punch homer, had been attending meetings of The New York Academy of Sciences. He was interested chiefly in a conference on "membrane structures of cells," a subject that has a bearing on his studies for a Ph.D. in biochemistry at the Illinois Institute of Technology. (Before going to Kansas City this year in a trade, Hopkins had played for the Chicago White Sox.)

Hopkins holds an M.A. in religion from Pepperdine College in Los Angeles and wrote his thesis on the Hebrew synagogue.

"It was a critical study and evaluation of the rise of the church in the New Testament," he explains. "It dealt with structure, organization, the analogies and differences."

Hopkins carries textbooks and taped lectures with him on trips. He believes that baseball players are too often maligned as being limited intellectually when their principal problem is that, while other young athletes are going to college, most baseball players are laboring in the minor leagues to get their careers started.

Another Royal player, Pitcher Bruce Dal Canton, is working on a master's degree in education, specializing in biology.

Ring Lardner would be appalled. And why doesn't Jim Bouton write a book about this?

THEY SAID IT

• Greg Fredericks, Penn State's three-mile and six-mile champion, on what he thinks about when running. "The first thing you think about is right at the end of the first lap. You come around, there's a guy holding up a card that says 23 laps to go and you feel sick."

• Mrs. Philip K. Wrigley, wife of the reclusive owner of the Chicago Cubs. "He has only two speeches. The short one, 'Thank you,' and the long one, 'Thank you very much.' I like the long one."

• Bob Aspromonte, third baseman, when asked his opinion of the Clete Boyer-Paul Richards squabble: "You're talkin' to the wrong fellow about Paul Richards. He sent me to the New York Mets. I love him."

END

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Sports Illustrated

JUNE 24, 1974



SOMETHING NEW IN THE SOLAR SYSTEM

For many Americans two wheels are more important than the traditional four. Last week an emerging motorcycle mania kicked up dust from Beje to Beentown **by ROBERT F. JONES**



"Well, they are people, just like us—from within our own solar system. Except that their society is more highly evolved. I mean, they don't have no wars, they got no monetary system, they don't have any leaders, because, I mean, each man is a leader."

Thus spake Jack Nicholson, the whiskey lawyer of *Easy Rider*. Though his Utopian sentiment was intended to describe

Venusians in flying saucers, it might well stand as a working definition of the motorcycle crowd. The image of that particular subculture is at once free-wheeling and cool: contemptuous of big cars and of the big money it takes to buy them, calculatedly unstructured and highly individualistic. Still, the definition fails at certain levels. In point of fact, the motorcycle people do have wars—fiercely competitive ones, waged on dirt tracks

and slick road courses, over mountains tall as the Bible and through swamps as dense as Vietnam. In point of fact, they do have monetary systems—including prize money that can get up to \$50,000 a race and costs that may run to \$9,000 per vehicle entered. Right now, to be sure, they have no truly dictatorial leaders—those czars will doubtless arise as the sport reaches higher evolutionary forms. And thus far, at least, each

continued

rider is indeed a leader unto himself.

But, all of those contradictions aside, the definition is a sound one, particularly since motocycling, in terms of mass participation, is the most exciting new sport to arise in recent American history. In approaching the phenomenon, one must look beyond the clichés. No sport has suffered more than motocycling from the tendency of mankind to lump, and by lumping to reject. Like all clichés, the ones that grew up around motorcycles have been warped and shallow. Hell's Angels with their cruel chains and obscene sex rites. The spine-rattling sound of two-cycle engines racking down a quiet country road. Leather bands of Wild Ones threatening their effortless, contemptuous way through traffic jams that leave mere four-wheeled Americans cussing in a kind of blue, smoggy funk.

All right, so these manifestations of cyclomania do exist; they are only a glimmer on the surface. Motorcycles are here—now—and in depth. They are being ridden by a vast, complex swarm of Americans, many of whom compete in racing. Motorcycle registrations in the U.S. have risen from 1.4 million in 1967 to nearly 3 million this year. Very few of those riders are dope smokers, longhairs or other standard freaks. They range from factory workers who feel the pinch of the recession and react by buying an inexpensive and exciting means of transportation, to old grannies in Bell helmets, to straight dads and moms in leathers who want a breath of fresh air. Ditch diggers and doctors, scholars and politicians, they all find fun—and a bit of release from the heavy weight of the society—by tripping on bikes. Motocycling has become not only a major theme in American folklore, à la *Easy Rider*, but a booming varooming new sport.

Last week, for instance, the men and women, kids and grannies who follow motocycling had their choice of some 250 separate events to watch or, more important, to enter. They ranged in place and manner from a hill climb in Seattle to a road race in Loudon, N.H. In between and all around there were scrambles in Bloomingburg, N.Y., motocross races at Elkhorn, Wis., a road run in Lone Pine, Calif., an indoor sprint in the Boston Garden. The 23 national championship races sponsored this year by the American Motorcycle Association

will pay more than \$1 million in prize money to some 163,000 riders. And the riding is not so easy. Gene Romero, the 23-year-old Californian who currently wears plate No. 1 as the AMA's national motorcycle champion, earned more than \$60,000 last year in prize and contingency money, which is not bad pay for a man who won only three of 26 races. But Romero worked hard for that bread: he traveled 100,000 miles, stayed away from home from March to October and scraped off at least a yard of hide in the spills he took en route to the title.

But there is no way that statistics alone can tell the tune of motocycling. One must hit the high notes—catch a two-cycle Kawasaki cutting out from a stoplight, or a Honda hitting the quick changes. Take a close look at three of last week's events, varying in scope from professional through amateur to just plain happy. The impression gained from each adds up to a representative whole.

Louisville. Horse country, all green and lithe, the colts hiking awkwardly after their graceful dams. A border country where Southern syrup mixes with Middle Western vinegar. The dark and bloody ground. It is 95° Fahrenheit in the shade, and the humidity could drown a frog. The AMA has chosen Louisville Downs, a harness track, as the site of its sixth national championship race of 1971. Plenty of riders are here—138 of them, to be precise: 76 "experts" and 62 "juniors." The biggest card of the season, the biggest names: Romero, Mann, Lawwell, Rice, Aldana, Nixon (Gary, no kin to Dick). Because this is a dirt course, light brown loam crusted over by sprinklers and a hot Kentucky sun, the riders have wrapped handguards over their bars. Many of the guards are made of cardboard. One consists of a brace of Coors six-pack cartons. As practice begins, the knobby rear tires of the bikes throw up long, slashing rooster tails of grit—stinging little clots that reach clear into the bleachers.

It smarts, but the crowd does not complain. Motorcycles wheel up to the parking lot in grumbling platoons. Figures in leather jackets and spangled helmets dismount and peel off their disguises. By gum, there stands an old woman, her teeth conveniently in her pocket. A broad-beamed man with the face of a cost accountant claps his hands and hikes off into the infield, side by side with a

grinning longhair. Acres of bikes lean on their kickstands in the waning sun, backlit by an orange, ominous glow. A black couple buys some beers, then takes seats amid the reddest-neck group in the stands. They exchange enthusiasms over the riders. One begins to think, absurdly, that motocycling may be the glue of the future society.

There are the shaggy members of motorcycle clubs—Saints from Tennessee, Vigilantes from Indianapolis in their cut-down Levi jackets with pins reading *I'LL DRINK TO THAT*; Vikings wearing that almost forgotten slogan: *DEATH BEFORE DISHONOR*; Road Rangers, Soul Seekers, Silver Wheels, the Aeolus Motorcycle Club of Cincinnati in American-flagged road leather vests with a cool legend which said *GOD OF THE WINDS*.

Because this crowd contains participants as well as spectators, one sees the walking wounded everywhere. There are broken thumbs, broken handbones, wristbones, armbones, shoulderbones, neckbones—now hear the word of the Lord. But there are no fights.

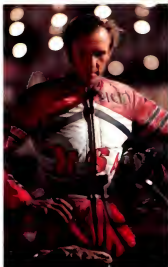
To a man the riders are colorful and dashing. Also, just a bit flaccid. Dick Mann, at 35 the senior rider on the circuit and the winningest with 20 national championship victories under his belt, is scarred and lean, as tough as the leathers he has worn through 17 racing seasons. But others, quicker on the cramped oval dirt courses like Louisville, Roosevelt Raceway (where 21,000 watched a bike race last month), California's Ascot raceway, or even Madison Square Garden, are a touch too fat, a hair too limp in the neck and shoulders to be convincing as real athletes. Mann is the only AMA rider who has won national championship races in all of the association's categories: dirt and short track, tourist trophy (which includes jumps), road races (50 miles or more on pavement), hill climbs and the recently imported motocross from Europe (\$1, May 3).

In the Louisville prelims a few realities become evident. This is a Harley-Davidson course. The dirt causes a lot of wheelspin, and the only American motorcycle still in production seems to

continued

Wheels in motion up a Wisconsin slope, and wheels at rest: AMA champion Gene Romero (top), Steve McQueen and veteran Dick Mann.

PHOTOGRAPH BY HEIDI KLUTHNER



thrive on slippage. Though big British bikes like the Triumph, BSA and Norton succeed impressively in the semi-finals, Harley finishes one-two in the 10-mile final. Dave Sehl, a shy, scrappy man from Waterdown, Ontario who now lives in Atlanta and has an Adam's apple bigger than his chin, takes the checkers and \$2,200 of the \$10,000 purse. Dave is only 24. Along the way Gene Romero, the champ, loses it in Turn Three and hits the fence. In a race at Louisville last year a rookie named Ken Pressgrove hit the wall in Turn One, blasted through the protective hay bales and chopped a track-sized hole in the wall, splattering blood all over the concrete. Pressgrove was killed. Romero merely spilled, then picked up his Triumph bike and raced on to finish ninth overall, thus gaining valuable points toward his championship defense. "It was a near thing," he admitted later. Short-



Steel toe protects dirt rider's strap foot.

less and moviestar-handsome in his garage, Romero came on like the traditional California cool kid: "Usually if you hit the fence, you waste an arm or a leg. I was damned lucky." Romero smiles—white teeth, just a touch of flab on his naked gut.

Ensenada, Mexico. Desert country, all dun and sere, a cold green sea crashing on the beach with a rocky clatter. It has been overcast for weeks down here, and as the 240 off-road racers who participate annually in the Baja 500 congregate, the invocation rises: "Here comes the sun." No such luck. One must seek other warmth in Hussong's cantina, where the tequila is sharp and stuffed birds bristle on the walls. Hussong's is a gunfighter's saloon and Ensenada a salesman's town, but during the middle of the second week in June it becomes a desert fox's delight. Last

Multitudes of contestants line up for start of Elkhart, Wis. cross-country, where abrupt steps and dips were ahead and nobody dragged a foot.



year Parnelli Jones won the 500 in a Bronco desert truck—clearing the 557 miles of loose dirt, hard rock, deep gullies and potholed straightaways in 11 hours and 55 minutes. Motorcycles used to win the Baja races outright, but now the four-wheelers have the edge. Yet this race, cycle-wise, was in good shape. For openers there was Dick Vick, 41, a fireman from San Clemente, Calif. who has been racing bikes over the long roads and the longer non-roads for 15 years. In love with the desert but badly hurt in a wreck two years ago, he had given up off-road racing—given up, that is, until he was asked to ride a Triumph 650 called "The Dirty Little Ole Man" in this Baja. It was the last race for the bike, a 1965 model that would be "put out to stud" by its owner after the run, and probably the last race for Vick. He finished in 15 hours and 10 minutes.

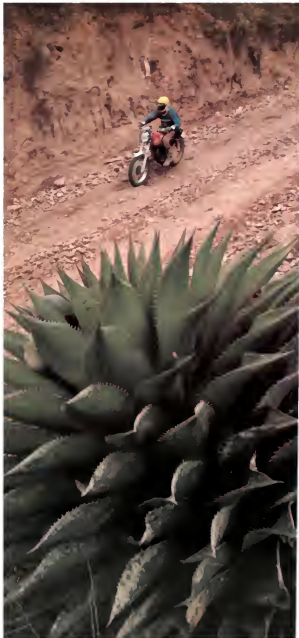
Then there was Frank Dan- *continued*



Boat-rigged knife rode with Baja men pass the intent faces of starting-line spectators.

Under the lights at Louisville, dirt fliers in close company lean inward for balance in the constant left-turn choreography of the oval tracks.





Jensen, 43, an excavator from West Los Angeles and among the oldest of the 36 motorcycle entries. Since Frank was riding a sidekick—a motorcycle with a platform saddle—he had the opportunity of teaming up with the youngest rider, Pete Broom, 15½. Danielson bought his bike from Steve McQueen, actor and sometime desert racer, for \$500. Then he put \$2,500 into it for his 1970 entry in the longer Baja 1,000-mile race, and finished 10th in his class. A bit of an artist—Danielson creates junk sculptures—he decorated his bike with such slogans as HELPS RID LUNGS OF EXCESS PHELOM. Ample supplied with Crackerjack and water, Danielson and Broom made it all the way, and they certainly rid their own lungs of excess phlegm. "Biking is all about getting out of the climes," said Danielson. "You can't lose if you get out and get it on."

Above all, there was a Swedish Husqvarna 400-cc. bike ridden by the two most eminent desert foxes of them all: Malcolm Smith, 30, "gentleman rider" from Riverside, Calif., and J. N. Roberts, 28, of Sun Valley, Calif. Smith is, by McQueen's estimate, "probably the best all-around rider in the country." A shy, jocular, wiry man with muddy eyes and a disarming smile, Smith is the last rider one would suspect of aggression on the starting line, yet he runs as if possessed. Roberts, who has won Nevada's Mint 400 off-road race, is a gritty rider with plenty of nifty.

The Baja is a test of eyes and stamina. One must read the desert—all of its ruts, all of its whims—and put up with its bruises. Downcourse from Ensenada, for instance, a rider last week ran into the leading edge of a tree. Its lowest, most aggressive branch punched a ragged hole in his cheek, but he raced on anyway—away from medical attention—figuring it was better to finish than be healed. Another rider blew a tire, ran on for many miles, changed the flat, quickly accelerated to 100 mph and flipped his bike in a pothole. Cursing, he spent 25 minutes under the machine before he could be extricated, then waited overnight in the desert, bloody but uncowed, before he could be flown back to Ensenada for treatment. By contrast,

Smith and Roberts had an easy time of it. J.N. took the opening 275-mile stanza and whipped into the midway point of Papa Fernandez well ahead of the other bikes and all of the cars. (Parnelli Jones, by the way, dropped a valve in his 1971 car and exited the Baja in the first hour.)

It was clear and crisp at Papa Fernandez when Roberts arrived, his presence signaled by a tan plume of dust and the strident whine of his engine ratcheting off the rocks and echoing over the warm, fish-rich waters of the Sea of Cortés. Dusty, deadbeat and full of advice, he turned the bike over to Smith just as a yellow full moon rose. Running north from Papa Fernandez, where the overnights were slugging rum to ward off the chill, Smith encountered stiff southwesterly winds. "When you jumped," he chortled later, "you landed 10 feet wide of the line you jumped from. I was riding the straight sections at a 45-degree angle into the wind." Smith slashed his way through the wind—not to mention the dry lake bed of El Diablo and the steep slopes of the Sierra San Pedro Martir—and across the finish line back in Ensenada to complete the Roberts-Smith ride in just 11:59.28, a new bike record. "If we could have started at dawn, we would have won at all," he said later, standing shy and dusty in a canvas coat and slashed boots. "Riding a bike flat out at night is almost impossible. The cars have two headlights and four wheels worth of stability. When we turn our front wheel to corner, we lose sight of the road ahead. At night we lose everything we've gained." Still, Smith and Roberts finished third overall behind two four-wheeled beasts and, of course, first among all the bikes.

"I've been in this sport now for 15 years," Smith said. "I started when I was so small that they had to hold me on the pegs until we got the start. My legs wouldn't reach the ground, but I could sure corner lower than the rest of them. It's all changing. There are so many people into it now. I kinda liked it better in the old days, when you knew everybody. Now it's just like, well, a freeway."

Ascot Park, Gardena, Calif. A track just off the freeway. The jets that put down at L.A. International Airport slide past like hawk shadows; the crowd is made

up of Cub Scouts and riders' friends.

When the annual Yamaha Gold Cup Race is held next month, 15,000 will attend. Tonight, though, there are only 4,000 on hand. One of them is Robert Beck, 34, a printer from Westchester, Calif. and a motorcycleist who has two cycle-happy kids—a boy who runs a 50-cc. Wylor mini-bike in competition and a girl who just watches. "The land is being closed off by the ecologists," Beck complains. "California has opened up motorcycle parks now, places like Saddleback, which is 750 acres just back of Irvine. But the parks are too crowded, too expensive. They charge \$3 for my 250-cc. Montesa and two bucks for my boy's mini-bike. Still, what can you do? The sheriff's department is patrolling the desert with helicopters. In a way you have to come to the racetracks to get your biking kicks anymore."

Oh, yes, motorcycles are here. Admittedly they are often loud, often destructive, often dangerous to those who ride them. Steve McQueen, who has raced sports cars with facility and success, and whose 1963 movie *The Great Escape* accelerated the popularity of dirt racing on motorcycles, has thought long and hard on the subject of the bike's future. "As transportation, the motorcycle doesn't work," he concludes. "Too dangerous. I'd never choose to ride one on the street. You're helpless. But as sport it is just plain splendid. There is not the high fatality rate you find in cars. Like, when you hit the wall at 200 mph you might as well forget about the cash in the policy. But when you make a mistake with a motorcycle, you feel it, you remember it and possibly you don't make the same mistake again. Possibly. I mean, dirt is forgiving of mistakes. Dirt racing, off-road racing like the Baja, is an experience everyone could enjoy, though only a few can really succeed at it. And that's cool, too. O.K., maybe you get a bit dingy during the Baja—you start seeing purple deer bounding along next to you. Yeah, ha! But it's better than smoking dope. Better than trying to live inside your head and imagining adventures. And even when you wrap up the bike into a tight little ball you haven't destroyed that much property, you haven't taken too many lives, and you can always try to do it right the next time."

And if you do it right, you're a leader. In our own solar system. **END**

A Baja tableau: competitor and crescent, hot rider and hot pants, modern American father and child, desert fox Danielson and desert mouse.

HO, HO, HO WENT THE JOLLY WHITE GIANT

Rick Wanamaker, who is 6' 8" and once held his own against Lew Alcindor, won the national decathlon title, well, laughing **by WILLIAM F. REED**

With only two events to go in last week's AAU national decathlon championship, a group of officials gathered in solemn conclave before a big scoreboard in the infield. The figures showed that Russ Hodge, the former American record-holder who was once known as Magnificence on account of his physique of the same description, led Rick Wanamaker, the 6' 8", 280-pound former Drake basketball center and 1970 NCAA decathlon champion by 33 points.

The decathlon, which consists of 10 events over a two-day period, is often called the most grueling human activity. It isn't. The most grueling is compiling the table used for scoring the decathlon, this has been revised half a dozen times since the Swedes cooked up the event early in the century. Little items like the fiber-glass vaulting pole having thrown the first calculations out of whack. Suffice it to say that the better you do in each event, the more points you get, and leading by 33 points after eight events isn't a whole hunch, a good score for the decathlon being 8,000.

To get back to the officials, they, like almost everyone up in the grandstands at Porterville (Calif.) College, were trying to figure out how the leaders would fare in the final events, the javelin and the 1,500-meter run.

Only a few yards away, Hodge, wearing a red, white and blue track suit of his own design, was walking around glaring at everyone and muttering encouragement to himself. "C'mon, Russ," he would say with a snarl or "O.K., Russ, O.K." Although he claimed to be in "the best condition of my life," Hodge had been uptight all week. Now he was alarmed that he might once more lose the AAU title which had eluded him throughout his injury-filled career.

While Hodge fumed and fumed, Wanamaker lounged against a bench

and grinned. That was hardly unusual because Wanamaker always grins. Throughout the meet Wanamaker was so nervous that he often seemed in imminent danger of going to sleep. But look at it this way: after going head to chest against Lew Alcindor, what has a man to fear from a mortal like Russ Hodge?

"There is no use getting tense or upset about this thing," said Wanamaker, smiling. "You just go to pieces. Hodge takes it so seriously he can heat himself. He's out there pushing all the time while I stand here relaxing."

Sure enough, Hodge did beat himself—with the help of some strategic pressure from Wanamaker. In the javelin Hodge huffed and puffed, but all he could come up with was a best heave of 193' 8". He has done as much as 212. On his last try Wanamaker uncoiled a throw of 214' 5½"—a personal best. Suddenly Wanamaker had a 44-point lead heading into the 1,500, which meant Hodge had to beat him by more than eight seconds in that race to take the overall title. Why eight seconds? You can look it up in the scoring table.

"I told myself that I'd better throw the javelin hard so I wouldn't have to run the 1,500 too fast," said Wanamaker cheerfully. "That seemed like the logical thing to do."

As six runners took their mark for the 1,500, everybody was watching Wanamaker and Hodge. Granted, Army PFC Jeff Bennett, who is only 5' 8" and 155 pounds, won—to finish third overall—but in the decathlon the action isn't necessarily up front. Way back there was Hodge and Wanamaker, and with less than a lap to go Hodge began his move.

Throughout the race Wanamaker had glanced over his shoulder, looking for Hodge. "Going into the far turn," said Wanamaker later, "I heard a fan yell 'Here he comes' and I figured it was time for me to move." But even as Wanamaker picked up his own pace, Hodge swept past him, and as they thrashed

Wanamaker gaily regards flight of his discus.



down the stretch it was a question of how many seconds Hodge could gain. The answer was not enough. Hodge finished only 10 yards and two seconds ahead of Wanamaker, who became the new national champion, with 7,969 points to 7,958 for Hodge.

"I had this meet in my pocket," said Hodge later, "but I blew it in the throwing events. I should have had 300 more points. It's so silly I can't win one of these things. In fact, it's stupid."

Up until those final throbbing moments it was a toss-up as to which had aroused Porterville (pop. 12,950) more, the decathlon championship or the 400 airplanes that showed up for the Porterville Moonlight Fly-In. (A fly-in is when a bunch of guys who own planes all decide to fly into the same place at the same time.) As the *Porterville Evening Recorder* put it, "The national athletic event . . . combined with the Moonlight Fly-In will keep Porterville on the national prestige map."

The crowds at the decathlon were small, only a few hundred at peak, but this did not prevent the organizers from doing a job worthy of, say, a big half-time football show. There were speeches, marching bands and a decathlon queen and princess. And the local Congressman showed up to, uh, throw out the first javelin. It was safer than it sounds. The Congressman once was a decathlon man himself. Indeed, Bob Mathias, now 40, still looks trim enough to win a medal.

But, finally, the meet belonged to Wanamaker and Hodge. Coming out of the little town of Marengo, Iowa, Wanamaker was a high-school basketball star. "In Marengo the decathlon was unheard of," he said, "so I didn't even try it until I was a freshman at Drake." Even then it was something of an accident. "I wanted to compete in the Drake Relays," he said, "and freshmen were eligible only for the decathlon, so I entered and scored 5,763 points and had a good time."

In fact, he came to enjoy the decathlon more than basketball. "I guess maybe I'm just lazy," said Wanamaker, "but I didn't enjoy practice, especially the defensive drills, and I never could get up for meaningless games. I always seemed to play my best in the big ones." His best performance came in his biggest game when Drake almost upset UCLA in the 1969 NCAA semifinals. In the time he played, Wanamaker scored nine points and blocked an Alcindor

shot, while Alcindor scored 14 and blocked two on Wanamaker. After his senior season, the NBA's Cleveland Cavaliers offered Wanamaker a tryout, but he decided to pursue the decathlon. "Pro ball would have hindered my future in track, and I want to try for the Olympics," said Wanamaker. "After that I would like to get my weight up and try to make it in the pros."

For the present, Wanamaker sells insurance. His only other endeavor is public speaking, which is how he raises money for his decathlon equipment and such trips as the one to Porterville. All funds from Wanamaker's speaking engagements go directly into the nonprofit Rick Wanamaker Track Fund.

"I spoke at 22 dinners and banquets in March and April," he said. "Since I sell insurance during the day, this means that I had to practice after the dinners and after I drove back to Des Moines. When I knock on the Drake field-house door at midnight now, the custodians and the campus cop know it's me. In fact, some of them stay to watch me work out and a couple of janitors have even taken to giving me coaching tips."

Wanamaker manages to use his height and strength to advantage in such events as the high jump, discus and pole vault, but it is something of a hindrance in the other events. Coming out of the starting blocks in the 100 meters, for instance, he looks like a stork with staggers. His legs and arms flail in all directions and it takes him a full 10 yards to pull himself together. "And in the shotput," says Wanamaker, "I'm afraid to go into a deep crouch like the others because I might get my legs tangled up. So I just take a couple of little skips and let fly."

It is more difficult to explain why Hodge lost than why Wanamaker won. "I've put together close to my personal best in everything," said Wanamaker, "and that's the idea in the decathlon, to be consistent." His final total was more than 300 points higher than his previous record, with personal decathlon bests in the long jump (23' 2"), shot (48' 7"), javelin (214' 5½") and discus (159' 6½").

Meanwhile, the moody Hodge was falling below his personal best in everything, particularly the throwing events. "I can't believe it," he said. "What good is it for me to weigh 220



Hodge mutters to himself after winning 100.

pounds if I can't throw any better?"

Of course, Hodge is still getting accustomed to having all of his parts in working order. For the past five years he has been plagued by injuries, the most serious being a torn ligament in his right knee suffered while long-jumping in 1967. In 1968 a pulled thigh muscle caused him to miss the Olympics. The next year a pulled groin muscle put him out of the AAU championships.

"I know that I've been holding something back since the knee injury," said Hodge. "There's nothing I can do about it. You have fears, but they're not always on a conscious level. It's frustrating to lose this thing when I know I'm in the best shape of my life."

Although in earshot, Wanamaker was not listening. He was too busy laughing and flashing the peace sign for a little kid with a movie camera.

END

BEWARE OF THE CLIFF DWELLERS

It may have been a malapropism, but the meaning was clear. Playing outrageously unpredictable baseball, the Mets were having a predictable effect on their fans and unnerving their opponents **by WILLIAM LEGGETT**

It was not even the middle of June and the baseball schedule showed two-thirds of the season still to be played. But last weekend there were the Mets—and the Mets' owner Joan Payson and the Mets' fans, all of them—going at things just as if every inning might be the most important of their lives. Since the season began in a snowstorm at Shea Stadium back in April, New York has turned each outing into what the team's former manager, Wes Westrum, once

called "cliff dwellers." Of their first 40 games, nine went into extra innings and the Mets lost only one. By Sunday they had been beaten in 22 other games, too, but in none of those losses were they hopelessly out of things. One more fielding gem by Bud Harrison, a line drive hit by ever-improving Catcher Jerry Grote (see cover), a take-out slide by Tommie Agee and they might have been right back into one of those games they usually do win, cliff dwellers.

Usually is the word, because it would be no fun if you won them all, as last weekend's upvarious three-game series against the San Francisco Giants proved. In the first game of the series New York tied things up in the bottom of the ninth inning on a two-out, two-strike, opposite-field pinch-hit home run by former Giant Dave Marshall, but then lost the game in the 10th. Following a long rain delay the Mets lost the second game of the series, but then on Sunday, after three more rain delays, Ken Singleton produced a sacrifice fly that brought Harrison in with the winning run through the mud and mist. It was another epic performance in the growing Met legend of 1971.

New York, of course, is not the only source of excitement in the National League East. From the beginning the Mets had been locked in a fight for first place with Willie Stargell and the pitcher-rich Pirates and those hitting wonders, the Cards of Lou Brock, Joe Torre and Matty Alou. If the pressure sometimes caused havoc in queasy stomachs, it was a boon to the box office in New York, if not in skeptical St. Louis or (for no discernible reason) in Pittsburgh. The Mets recorded extraordinarily high television ratings and the team's home attendance already is marching toward the million mark. A total of 153,414 packed Shea just for the three games against the Giants. Those who said the Mets would lose their glow once they had attained respectability either did not know the Mets' followers or did not know the Mets.

Bookmakers knew their expansion Mets. They used to make them two-run

underdogs. Today they sometimes make them two-run favorites, but not consistently, and that is the way with the Mets. They are never quite believed. Their unpredictability, in fact, has a great deal to do with their ability to draw crowds. There are days when the Mets hit the ball long distances and there are other days when they never seem even to scuff it, but somehow they manage to get something going that keeps hope burning in the throats of the faithful. In other words, the Mets of 1971 do not in the least resemble the Yankees of the 1950s or early '60s. They are more like the Los Angeles Dodgers of 1965-66, a club that poked and scratched its way to consecutive pennants while driving the opposition crazy. Every time it seemed certain the Dodgers had gone under for the third time they would surface and spit little arcs of water at the reports of their demise.

The Mets have something of the sort in mind for this season. No doubt their attitude will not go down well in Pittsburgh, but they have dedicated the year to proving that 1970 was just one long mistake. And for all their troubles with the Giants, the Mets are still off to their best start ever.

When he signed his contract last winter, Tug McGraw, the spirited left-handed relief pitcher, explained the difference a year could make. "We had a chance to go everywhere after we won in 1969," McGraw said. "In 1970 about the only place I was invited to was the George Gobel Open."

The new season was only nine games old when their followers got an inkling of what this year's Mets were about. The team had just come off an emotion-packed four-game series in which it split with the Pirates. Beginning a 12-game road trip in Cincinnati, the Mets carried a 2-1 lead into the bottom of the

continued

PHOTOGRAPH BY BERT SCHABER

New York Shortstop Bud Harrison rises to complete a double play against San Diego.

Owner Joan Payson rises to cheer her Mets.





eighth inning behind a strong pitching performance by Ray Sadecki. Danny Frisella, the good relief man, was brought in to protect the lead. But Frisella gave up a homer to Johnny Bench with one on, and in the ninth New York failed to score after putting two men on base with none out.

"It is way too early in the season to talk about turning points," says Ken Boswell, the second baseman, "but that loss could have hurt us so badly that we never would have recovered."

Recover the Mets did, however, and in spectacular fashion. They won eight of their next 11 games and demolished the Cardinals. They won all four games at Busch Memorial Stadium and outscored the Cards by 30-4. That bombardment can be significant. Although the Cardinals held on to first place for 15 days this year, they were hardly world beaters against their main competition, Pittsburgh and New York. In 13 meetings with the two, St. Louis has won only one game. The Cards could score only 30 runs while giving up 88.

The Mets move along. But if New York should win the Eastern title again, it most likely will be the pitching that is responsible rather than the hitting. The most any opposing team reasonably can expect if it gives up three runs to the Mets is a tie. These Mets have fewer big winners than the world championship team of 1969, but there is far greater depth to their staff. Tom Seaver still is the best pitcher, and the next three starters in the rotation—Jerry Koosman, Gary Gentry and Nolan Ryan—are excellent at times but not consistent. By the end of last week Koosman, suffering with arm problems, Gentry and Ryan had started 32 games and completed only five. Seaver had started 13 and finished seven. The team record, though, was 33-23, which speaks well for the men who follow the starters.

One reason for New York's pitching success is the pride, patience and persistence the team puts into the art. At each home game the Mets have a camera located behind home plate recording every pitch thrown. When a pitcher has finished his game he can review each pitch, his motion, his moves toward the bases, and he can make whatever adjustments are necessary for his next appearance. Hodges, Pitching Coach Rube Walker and several of the other players also look at the pitching films the next

day and try to pick up whatever additional information they can. The equipment cost the Mets \$18,000. The only other major league teams doing the same thing regularly are Kansas City, a surprising second in the American League West, St. Louis and Cincinnati.

"We have excellent pitching," says Jerry Grote, the 28-year-old catcher who handles it. "This spring there was no doubt that we were a more dedicated club than we were when we got to St. Petersburg the year before. When the pitchers and catchers arrived in camp we really went at things and there was a closeness that had to help us. We were thinking together about the job we had to do."

Grote does not mention his own part in the performance of the pitchers, but Gil Hodges will. "I hesitate to imagine where the New York Mets would have been the last few years without Jerry," Hodges says. "He is invaluable to us. He is intent and intense and he fights to get everything he can. He is durable and not afraid to play with injuries. Because of that he allows us to carry two catchers instead of three. When I came to the Mets I got a run-through on the players, and I did not like some of the things I heard about Jerry. He had a habit of getting into too many arguments with umpires and getting on some of the older players on the club."

Hodges called Grote into his office and told him what he did not like and what he would expect. "Jerry has improved 100%," Hodges says.

There are still times when Grote's temper will flare, but that is true of most good catchers. In a game early this year with Philadelphia, Phillie Catcher Tim McCarver and Grote began yelling at one another. "When the game was over," a mellowed Grote recalled last week, "some people asked me what was going on. It was just a case of two Dutch catchers hollering at each other."

Grote's throwing arm is one of the best in baseball. Probably it developed that way in San Antonio, where as a youngster he was a pitcher (as well as a cross-country runner). The Mets acquired Grote from the Houston Astros in 1965, a move Grote never regretted.

"One of the advantages of playing for New York," Grote says, "is that the big crowds at Shea Stadium help you tremendously. They make you want to give 115% all the time. In other places it cannot be the same for the players.

Like in Houston, nobody seems to applaud unless the hands on the scoreboard start to clatter. Once those hands stop, so do all the others. Real enthusiasm."

"Jerry is an excellent catcher now," says Seaver. "In his earlier days his temper used to get away from him and he sometimes forgot that his primary job was to call a good game and become a catcher we could respect. In addition, he has reached that point where he gets the big hit when it's needed."

Grote's temper tantrums may have cooled, but there are other hot personalities on the team that may cause Hodges some sleepless nights before the season ends. The gifted Gentry has excellent potential, but if glove throwing ever becomes an Olympic sport he is a certain medal winner. And there is the youngest Met, 20-year-old Infielder Tim Foli, who spent almost as much time in conversations last year with International League President George Sisler Jr. as he did in the batter's box. Called "Crazy Horse" by his teammates, Foli has the makings of one of the game's most colorful players.

In Hodges, according to Grote, New York has the perfect manager to handle a pitching staff. "Gil and Rube sit on the bench," says Grote, "and watch our pitchers closely. When Gil comes out to the mound he doesn't ask for an awful lot of advice from me. He knows what he has seen."

Although Koosman and Gentry have not been as effective as expected, Ryan, who is among the hardest throwers in the game, may at last be becoming the pitcher baseball people had predicted he would be. His name was mentioned often in trade discussions, but New York decided to be patient and not to give up on him. "Nolie has been my roommate for three years," says Grote, "and he seemed to realize this spring that this was a critical season for him."

Even among Met players Ryan is a legend. In a recent game against San Diego he struck out 16 Padres—15 of them on swinging third strikes. When he was asked later why he had thrown so many fastballs and so few breaking pitches, Ryan said, "I had the real good fastball and I just wanted to air it out." Boswell, who comes from Austin, 170 miles from Ryan's home in Alvin, Texas, is a collector of Ryan stories. "I was at a party one night in Austin," Boswell recalls, "and this guy was there who had

continued



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played against Nolie in high school. He had met Nolie's wife Ruth when they were going together before being married. This fellow took Ruth out, and the next time they played, Nolie hit him with a fastball on his first time at bat. The guy told his coach he was through for the day. He also said he wasn't ever going back to Alvin."

In 1970 the Mets tried to get through a good deal of the early going with Joe Foy as their third baseman, and it never worked out. This year, because Wayne Garrett was taken into the service for a six-month hitch that ends in July, New York picked up Bob Aspromonte from the Atlanta Braves. He has played exceptionally well, which has not surprised Boswell. "In 1962," Boswell says, "I went to see the Yankees in an exhibition game in Houston. When Mickey Mantle walked out on the field I thought he had a halo of gold around him. But I was rooting for Houston's Roman Mejias and old Red Neck Aspromonte."

There has been one other major change that makes the 1971 Mets different. In a trade that shocked few but Met fans, an unhappy Ron Swoboda was sent to Montreal for someone named Don Hahn. On the surface the Expos seemed to have stolen Swoboda. In 149 times at bat Hahn had never hit anything longer than a double. However, General Manager Bob Scheffing and Hodges knew that they had to have a backup centerfielder who could catch fly balls just in case something happened to Agee, whose bad knee had been hurting again. Something did happen, and last Friday Agee was put on the 15-day disabled list. But by then Hahn had done so much more than was expected of him that he was being ranked among the best centerfielders extant and was hitting .282. Swoboda, meanwhile, was learning French, and had driven in only five runs as an Expo.

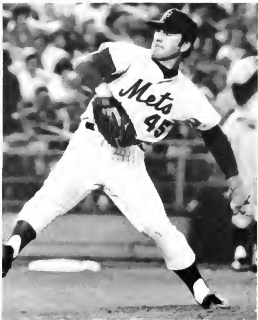
Teams built on pitching, defense and speed, as the Dodgers have shown, ultimately drive their partisans to great joy and deep depression, but also to the ticket windows. Ron Fairly, speaking of the 1965-66 Los Angeles teams, once said, "We were like a child's rubber raft. Every time you pushed it down in one place, it bobbed up in another." Which is the way the Mets think things will be this year. If you don't believe them, don't go near the water. You might get wet.

END



Jerry Grote, who is not able to laugh often behind the plate, enjoys light moment at bat

Tug McGraw, the Mets' last word in relief pitchers, took on Giants and won one, lost one.



THE ROARING GRAND LIGHTS 100 CANDLES

This is the centennial year of harness racing's Grand Circuit, the peripatetic big league of horses and drivers—and one of sport's most nostalgic connections with the past

by WILLIAM F. REED

Listen now, nostalgia fans, because the world of sport has a goody for you. It's as much fun as watching Ruby Keeler hoof in *No, No, Nanette* and a lot more exciting than listening to your Rudy Vallee record collection. You won't need nearly as many Kleenex as you did for *Love Story* and yes, you women can wear last winter's midis and high-button shoes and feel right at home. Know what we're talking about, nostalgia fans? It's the Grand Circuit of harness racing, the oldest continuing road show in American sport.

This is the Grand Circuit's 100th anniversary season, and it could not have come at a more fitting time, nostalgia being the in thing it is. In sport, not even Avery Brundage is more dedicated to the preservation of tradition than the Grand Circuit. Long before there was organized baseball or football, Americans were turning out by the thousands at big-city courses and rural fairgrounds to watch the trotters race. Indeed, harness racing claims, with justification, to be America's first national pastime. And the Grand Circuit was the first successful attempt to organize horsemen and tracks in an orderly progression of race meetings.

The Grand Circuit is the big league of harness racing because week after week and town after town it offers the sport's best in drivers, horses and stakes races. This year the "Roarin' Grand," as it is sometimes called, includes 22 member tracks in 11 states and two Canadian provinces, and it will pony up

some \$4 million in purses by season's end. Obviously, the Grand Circuit is a grand business—yet it remains a remarkably rural phenomenon. For example, the top prize in trotting, The Hambletonian, is held during Grand Circuit week at tiny Du Quoin, Ill., while pacing's premier race, the Little Brown Jug, is staged during the Circuit's stop at Delaware, Ohio, which is no metropolis either. Only in harness racing are a sport's major events so far removed from the money and masses of the cities.

To attend such a meeting is to move backward in time. So little has changed that the Circuit is one of the few aspects of modern civilization that would be immediately recognizable to a 19th century man. Indeed, the Circuit is one sport in which some of the stars are all but 19th century men themselves, men like Frank Ervin, 66, and Sanders Russell, 71. Even the newer big names, the Stanley Dancers, Billy Houghtons and Joe O'Briens, are men in their 40s and 50s. On the Grand Circuit, experience seems an essential element of success; youth is found in the horses.

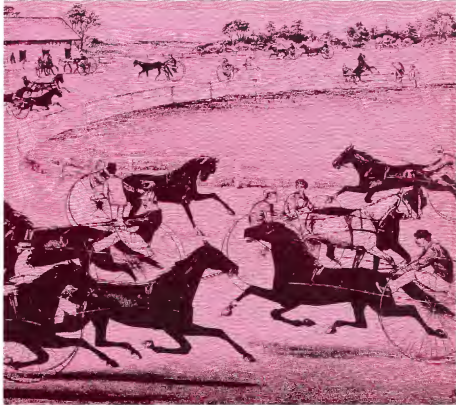
Last year it was considered remarkable that John Simpson Jr., an apple-cheeked, red-haired lad of 27, could drive a colt named Timothy T. to victory in The Hambletonian. He was the youngest man ever to win that prize, but his victory hardly signaled the beginning of a youth movement on the Grand Circuit. Oddsmakers pointed out that it was his father, John Sr., 51, who had trained the colt, bringing him to a peak for the

big race at precisely the right moment.

It is more difficult to characterize the fans who follow the Grand Circuit, but like the horsemen, they are mainly unpoor and unyoung. They are among the most knowledgeable spectators in sport. Many come to the races with their own stopwatches, which often are heirlooms. They personally clock each year's new crop of hotshots, then lean on the rail or rear back in their wooden grandstand seats and compare the current stars with such legendary horses as Dan Patch and Greyhound.

Each track gets more or less the same horses and drivers, yet each offers a unique experience. Consider four of the red-letter meetings on any year's Grand





DRIVERS WARM UP FOR A 19TH CENTURY TROT IN THE STYLE OF GURRIER & IVES IN A SCENE THAT RESEMBLES GOSHEN, N.Y. TODAY

Circuit calendar. First, in July, the Circuit comes to the half-mile Historic Track in Goshen, a village about 60 miles from New York City on the way to the Catskills. Goshen is known as the Cradle of the Trotter because the sire Hambletonian, progenitor of all modern standardbreds, stood near Goshen in the mid-19th century. Today, even more than then, the hills around town are dappled with standardbred breeding farms. The Hambletonian was held at Goshen's Good Time Park from 1930 to 1956 and now, although Goshen no longer has the Hambo, the top horsemen still bring their stables there out of respect for the town and its history.

But if Goshen is a clip-clop mile into

yesteryear, Du Quoin, Ill. is a now experience, Grand Circuit style, for it has been the home of The Hambletonian for only 14 years. On Hambo day it is always hot, humid and dusty at the Du Quoin State Fairgrounds: jackets are removed and ties loosened long before noon. At the track two familiar forms of racing sustenance and stimulation are missing: alcoholic beverages and pari-mutuel wagering. Yet such rigors have become a part of Du Quoin's charm, as have one of the finest fairs in the Midwest and excellent stage entertainment.

For fun, however, it is hard to beat Delaware, Ohio, the home of pacing's Little Brown Jug. This is the let-it-all-hang-out step on the Circuit. The day

before the Jug, fans bring folding chairs and padlock them to the chain link fence surrounding the track to ensure a front-row seat for the race. On Jug Day they begin coming at dawn and keep coming. Long before noon they have squeezed into every corner of the small wooden grandstand and belled up eight or 10 deep all around the track. They stand on the tops of trucks, cars and haywagons. There are tailgate parties in the apple orchard beyond the backstretch. The people gamble—no Hambletonian-type embarrassment about putting the money on the line here—and drink and cheer throughout the most prestigious race in pacing.

The attitude is more reverent at The *rockwell*

Red Mile in Lexington, Ky. For one thing, The Red Mile, so-called because of the track's red clay surface, is the home of the Kentucky Futurity, the third race in trotting's Triple Crown for 3-year-olds and the oldest stakes in harness racing, having been inaugurated in 1893. The Red Mile is also known as the "world's fastest racetrack," a claim with merit. Bret Hanover's 1:53½ there in 1966 is the fastest pacing mile in the sport's history, and Greyhound's 1938 time of 1:55½ was the fastest trot until Nevele Pride broke the record in 1969 with a 1:54½ at Indianapolis. In late September horsemen flock to Lexington to go after records. Among The Red Mile's attractions is the Tattersalls yearling sale, which runs concurrently with the Grand Circuit meeting, and the proximity to the bluegrass breeding farms, which rival the thoroughbred establishments in elegance, if not in numbers.

The history of the Grand Circuit goes back to the period just after the Civil War. Trotting was flourishing on the East Coast, but inland tracks were beset with problems. Transportation difficulties forced owners to keep their trotters near metropolitan tracks. In an effort to lure top owners and horses, two inland tracks—Cleveland and Buffalo—decided to increase purses. It was at the Cleveland meeting in 1871 that one Colonel Bill Edwards of the Cleveland Driving Park Association planted the seeds of the idea that grew to be the Grand Circuit.

On June 20 of that year Edwards invited three friends to dinner. They were John Tod, president of the Cleveland club; E. A. Buck, vice-president of Buffalo Park; and L. J. Powers, chairman of the executive committee of the Springfield, Mass. club. It was here, according to one journal, that "... the question of giving a consecutive series of meetings for large purses was first discussed ... the subject was introduced at dinner and, as Mr. Powers remembers, Colonel Edwards started it."

The idea was accepted in theory but in practice was postponed because it was felt that at least one more track was needed. Then at a meeting the next year at Buck's house in Buffalo, plans were made to start the association in 1873 and a fourth member was added, the Utica,

N.Y. club headed by C. W. Hutchinson. The alliance was called the Quadrilateral Trotting Combination, a name eventually changed to Grand Circuit.

The Quadrilateral Trotting Combination held its first meeting from July 29 to Aug. 1, 1873 in Cleveland. Thereafter the racing moved to Buffalo (Aug. 5-8), Utica (Aug. 12-14) and Springfield (Aug. 19-22). Purses for the four meetings totaled \$169,300, a handsome sum in those days.

Harness racing soon became the first spectator sport to win a large American following. Well-known trotters often drew crowds of 50,000 or more, and the races for record times received nationwide attention. The names of the best horses were known in every household. Lithographers such as Curner & Ives were quick to capitalize on their popularity. They did portraits of the celebrated horses and attended races to record the color and pageantry of the Grand Circuit. Down through the years has come a typical story from those fine days: the champion mare Goldsmith Maid was racing in Detroit, and in the stands a man turned and noticed a woman standing next to him. She was waving her handkerchief and paying no attention to a baby lying at her feet.

"Madam," he said, pointing down. "Your child."

"I expect to have several babies," replied the lady, "but I never expect to see another Goldsmith Maid."

Of all the horses ever raced on the Grand Circuit, none was worshipped more than the pacer Dan Patch. He raced from 1900 through 1909, and even today his records are considered something special. When Dan Patch made his debut on the Grand Circuit at 1900 the 2:00 mile still was a formidable barrier; by his career's end he had paced 75 miles averaging 1:59½, including an unofficial world record of 1:55. Although he lost two heats in his lifetime, he never lost a race. His enterprising owner was Marion Willis Savage, head of the International Stock Food Company in Minneapolis, who had bought him in 1902 for the staggering sum of \$60,000. Savage claimed to be a true lover of horses, but he also was a shrewd businessman and saw nothing wrong with using the name of America's favorite horse to make a commercial buck. Men smoked Dan Patch cigars and chewed Dan Patch

tobacco, children had Dan Patch sleds and hobbyhorses. There were Dan Patch washing machines (guaranteed to turn out a wash in two minutes), scarves, pillows and sweaters. There was even a dance called the "Dan Patch Two-Step." After Dan Patch was retired to a farm near Minneapolis, thousands of admirers came to see him. On July 11, 1916 he died at the age of 20. Willis Savage died the following day.

For a number of reasons the period between 1910 and 1940 was a life-and-death struggle for the Grand Circuit. The trouble began with the automobile and other new outlets for recreation and culminated in the Depression. Even so, there were some forward paces. In 1922 the horse van was introduced, which simplified the problems of long-distance shipping around the Circuit. In 1926 The Hambletonian was founded. Its \$73,451.32 inaugural purse made it the first big stakes race in the sport. And in 1929 night racing had its beginnings at a track in Toledo, Ohio, and there, on July 8, Sep Palin drove Winniepo to the first 2:00 mile under the lights.

Twelve years later the Grand Circuit took another notable step by awarding dates to Roosevelt Raceway, a new track at Westbury, Long Island that had been founded the previous year on the grounds of an auto racing oval. The development of Roosevelt upset harness racing purists. They felt that many aspects of Roosevelt—its night racing, the absence of heats, the emphasis on pari-mutuel wagering and the use of a mobile starting gate—were detrimental to the best interests of the sport. But Roosevelt was the operation that transformed harness racing from a rural pastime to a big-money, big-city business. The success of the Roosevelt experiment began a revival in harness racing that was felt at every level of the sport, including the Grand Circuit.

Now there is not a dime's worth of nostalgia to be found at Roosevelt, Yonkers, Liberty Bell or the other big-city tracks. The astonishing thing about the Grand Circuit is that it has kept its Du Quoin and Delawares—in coexistence with the Roosevelts and Yonkers—and that its classic events are held at its rural tracks by daylight and with time-honored heats, not single dashes. Nor has

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the Grand Circuit lacked modern stars. Consider two: the trotter Nevele Pride (1967-69) and the pacer Bret Hanover (1964-66), fastest in history at their gaits. In Bret the Grand Circuit had its most charismatic figure since Dan Patch. Owned by Richard Downing of Chicago, Bret dominated pacing in each of his three competitive seasons, winning 62 of 68 starts and \$922,616. Only New Zealand's Cardigan Bay and France's Roquepine have won more money—and each raced at least six years.

Bret and Frank Ervin, his white-haired trainer and driver, won the sport thousands of new friends. They were an appealing pair, the old teamster in his green and red silks behind the powerful bay, and they were the toast of the Grand Circuit. Bret seemed to love crowds and attention. After a race Ervin would parade him before the grandstand and Bret would respond by nodding his head vigorously as he pranced along, as if to say, "Yes, I am the greatest." Said Ervin lovingly, "He's nothing but a big bum."

On Oct. 5, 1966 Bret paced his record 1:53½ in a time trial. "I'm glad he did it," said Ervin, "and I'm also glad it's over."

Perhaps no one understands the spirit of the Grand Circuit, past and present, better than Delvin Miller, 57, long one of the sport's leading horsemen and the first to serve two terms as president of the Circuit. As a boy Miller went to the races with his grandfather Albert, who had raced on the Circuit ever since it was formed. He remembers his grandfather talking about the huge \$1,500 purse he once won at Buffalo. "He won 2-23 in a high-wheeled sulky," says Delvin. "That was pretty good then." Miller drove his first race on the Grand Circuit in 1933. He slept in stalls with the horses or under shed rows and tents, had \$500 in his pocket one week and a nickel the next. "It wasn't easy for a kid coming up," Miller says. "Most of those old guys weren't too nice to you if you won. Some of them would run you off the track if they could."

In the early '40s Miller and Doc Parrshall, one of the Circuit's famous drivers of the day, saw a pacer named Adios. Parrshall advised Miller to "borrow all the money you can and buy him." In

continued

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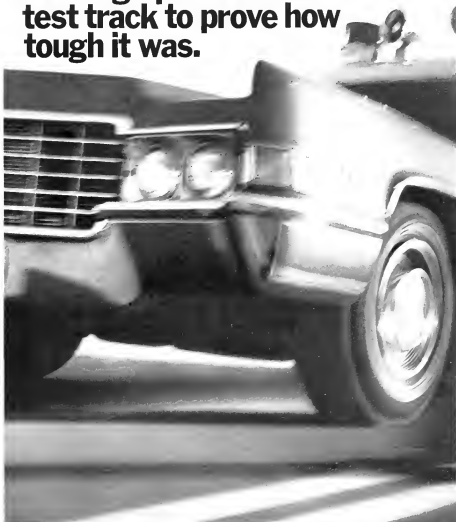
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1948 Miller did, for \$21,000, and Adios ultimately became harness racing's top modern sire.

Since hitting it big with Adios, Miller has been the complete horseman: driver, trainer, owner, track executive, unofficial publicist and good-will ambassador. He has stamped the country to win friends and recognition for harness racing in general and the Grand Circuit in particular. It is fitting that he is president of the Grand during the centennial season.

When Miller gets nostalgic himself, he reminisces about the Grand Circuit characters he knew—and knows. "Nobody had a real name, not one you would know, anyway," he says. "Just nicknames." Such as the Celluloid Kid, a groom who wore a fresh high celluloid collar every day. Or Stewkettle Jack, who carried a kettle and made soup for the stable help. Or Saxophone Tommy, who tooted ragtime tunes in the barn on rainy days.

Most of the old characters are gone, but one who remains is Cigar Joe Britton, born in the '90s. Cigar Joe remembers getting off a train with his horse and hitching him to a jog cart (tying the sulky on behind) for the drive to the racetrack. That was circa 1913. "You didn't have a trunk to put things in and you just carried your blankets with you," he says. "Then when you got there, you ran a long clothesline around the stall and hung up your blankets and harness. Slept there, too."

Cigar Joe is appalled at what he sees on the backstretch now. "They wouldn't hire kids as grooms in the old days," he says. "You had to be a man. Nowadays they hire anybody." He pointed a stubby finger. "Even them longhairs."

Whenever Miller and Joe cross paths on the Grand Circuit, there is an exchange of cigars and comments about the old days. They remember their first meeting at some country flat racing in the late '30s in Suffolk, Va. Says Cigar Joe, "There was a colored fair on one side of the bridge and a white fair on the other. But after the whites got through racing, some of them would loan us horses to race at our fair. We didn't have a jockey, so we got this white guy to ride for us. He won six or seven races, all but one." The white guy was Delvin Miller, a character to groove on in this historic year of the Grand Circuit. **END**

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"Brilliant!"

Corporate headquarters, Phoenix Mutual Life Insurance Co., Hartford, Conn. Member, The Phoenix Companies.

Get Out of the Boat and Go

Remember when sailing meant being “on” a boat? Tell it to the young man opposite, whose only points of contact with a Tempest sloop churning along Buzzards Bay are the soles of his shoes and a trapeze hooked to his midsection. Such is life on small racing hulls like the Tempest—the newest Olympic class—where weight out to windward means a lot more than the same body aboard. Turn the pages for more John Zimmerman photographs of an exhilarating way of nautical life, followed by a look at the Americans who rule the Tempest class.

A horizontal sailor exhibits perfect trapeze form, while the captain and crew at right blast through lumpy seas in a 30-knot Buzzards Bay blow.





Jostling up to a start, the fleet jaws the line's favored windward end in a moderate breeze.



Action at the weather mark (below): the lead boat rounds, another storms up close astern.



There is trouble aloft as a spinnaker halyard gets loose and lets the kite go kiting off.



Drops—the crew gets a chilly bath when a ropeze hook breaks



Over—having right of way didn't save the mast when a collision came.





Two Beauties and a Beast

Because the International Tempest is a veritable menagerie of go-fast racing gear, requiring more mental and physical agility than possibly any other small keel boat, its two-man crews have something in common with circus performers. The Wallendas of the class are Jack and Jim Linville, also known as the Brotherhood, and they sail a boat called *Beast* out of the yachtie precincts of Larchmont, N.Y. There they are at your left, sliding down a fine Buzzards Bay breeze under spinnaker en route to victory in last year's Atlantic Coast championships. That was a mere tune-up for larger things, for they sailed on to win both the National and World championships. They are, of course, the boat to beat in next week's 1971 Nationals on those same Massachusetts waters—although the class is getting tougher all the time—and the summer-, fall- and winter-boat favorites for a gold medal in next year's Olympics at Kiel, West Germany.

The particular wonder of the Linvilles is that, although they are brothers, they get along so well together aboard *Beast*, a fact all the more remarkable since Jim, the older Linville at 26, rides the trapeze as crew, and Jack, the younger at 25, is the helmsman, traditionally the boss role. They are a pair to give sibling rivalry a bad name: sibling harmony is more the way they play it. Jack, a fine helmsman, throws superior speed and strategy at the opposition and Jim handles a Rube Goldberg boatful of gadgets with deftness and poise.

"I am not the skipper any more than Jim is," insists Jack, a budding lawyer. "We have sailed together so long that we think in the same direction."

Jim, an aeronautical engineer, adds: "That's exactly right—the biggest factor in our success. We have geared the boat so that it is very much a team effort."

Jack oversees boat preparation and is responsible for overall racing strategy,

while Jim answers for the effectiveness of sails and spars. As a wind-tunnel expert he is adept at devising rigs with a minimum of drag and a maximum of drive. In a class as racy as the Tempest, with top speeds near 20 knots, that is no small responsibility. When a debatable point of rig or tactics comes up, the Brotherhood does not indulge in agonizing appraisals. "Usually," says Jim, "I go over and kick the problem a couple of times." Says his brother: "Yeah, I think we ought to do one thing, Jim thinks we ought to do the other—so we do the other."

Tempest sailors still cannot quite believe the Linvilles' string of nine consecutive outright victories during their dash to the Atlantic Coast and National titles in 1970. In the tough and tricky arena of small-boat fleet racing, that record defies probabilities on the order of nine straight passes at craps.

Afterward, pursuing the World title in France, they seemed to be in a bit of a slump. "We didn't have good boat speed over there," says Jim, "until one night I thought I had better change my continuity." Instead of sacking in at a piously dull 8:30 p.m., as he usually did, Jim put on some speed in town, "wenching and drinking." Next day regret and remorse joined him on the trapeze as he stared into a bright, pitiless sun. "I had to ask him a couple of times to please open his eyes," says Jack. Jim did, and *Beast* stayed up in front for most of the race. No further changes in continuity were required to win the series.

Hot sailors are notorious for their finicky, even fanatical, absorption in the smallest details of their hulls and rigs, and in this respect the Linvilles are right in there. After taking delivery of a new O'Day *Beast* last fall, they hoisted it up and through a living-room window of the house Jim rents in Milford, Conn., and there it spent the winter. Lovingly, painstakingly, Jim in his hours off from

work as a Sikorsky research engineer in Bridgeport, Conn., Jack in time away from law classes at Columbia in New York, ragged and re-rigged the boat.

Jim occasionally feels guilty about the number of hours he commits to *Beast*. "All the time I spend thinking of ways to make Tempests fly," he says, "I should be thinking of ways to make helicopters fly."

Early this spring they took the boat out for a shakedown sail on Long Island Sound. Small-craft warning flags snapped from flagstaffs as they slipped out of Larchmont Harbor onto the Sound, where they tested *Beast* on all points of sailing to see if they could get something to break. Afterward it occurred to them that the Sound was remarkably free of boats of any kind. A little research revealed that the wind had kept anemometer needles flicking the 40-knot peg all day. "If I had known what it was blowing," says Jim, "we wouldn't have gone out... maybe."

What he left unsaid was the truth that small-boat sailing is one of mankind's most exhilarating activities. Hypersensitive to the touch on the helm and the acrobatics of skipper and crew, small boats distill the essence of sailing in a way their big sisters never can. It is said that a small-boat sailor can sail anything: going from big boat to small requires a far more difficult adjustment. And because the small stuff also has a smaller price tag, the kind of boom is on that outboards experienced not so long ago. At last count 200 racing classes were registered in the United States. If by some miracle all were to join in a single race, the starting line would have to stretch from Newport to Cape May, for the fleet would be made up of more than 600,000 individual hulls. So pronounced is the swing that even an automaking giant, Chrysler, has dipped a toe in the water with four class sailboats.

All of which means that each new season should provide ever sterner competition for tigers like the Linvilles. Let it come, say Jack and Jim. In the living room and on the water they are consummate sailors, and next week at the Nationals Jack may be in a mood to sock it to 'em in a hurry; his bar exams come up next month.

—HUGH D. WHALL

It is a matter of faith with a lot of people these days—conservationists, ecologists, environmentalists and other well-informed worriers—that man is the dominant species on the planet, and that the survival of all other creatures depends on how well or how badly we behave. This judgment is based on the observation that in the last few thousand years man has subdued or exterminated many large conspicuous beasts, as well as smaller mammals, birds and reptiles. Pragmatically it has not been such a stupendous feat as we sometimes like to think. The beasts involved were never numerous or fierce enough to give us much opposition. What is often overlooked is that in really big-league biological competition, against the visible animals with whom we have been going at it hammer and tongs ever since we climbed out of the trees, we are anything but overpowering. These animals are, of course, the insects. Try telling the next cloud of mosquitoes you meet that you are the master.

No one has any idea of how many individual insects exist at any given moment, but entomologists reckon that the combined bulk of insects is considerably greater than the combined bulk of all the vertebrates. In all, there are some 800,000 known species of insects (with new ones cropping up all the time), whereas there are less than 50,000 different kinds of mammals, birds, reptiles,

amphibians and fish put together. The appearance of man on the planet caused all sorts of problems and disasters for foolish, feeble beasts like the tiger, python, eagle and whooping crane, but the insects, so to speak, took us in stride. They have fattened upon us, injected plague and fever into our blood, eaten and despoiled our food, gobbled our floor joists, gnawed our winter overcoats and have, in general, unmercifully harassed our bodies and minds. The coming of man has been such a pleasant, profitable and entertaining event for insects that had we not evolved under our own steam it is quite possible they would have invented us.

Like it or not, anyone who hikes, hunts, fishes, bird-watches, photographs, golfs, picnics or otherwise pokes into the fringes of the North American boondocks is going to have to contend with our native insects, not a few of which are, in a cold, impersonal, evolutionary way, unpleasantly hostile to man. Considering the really serious, or even deadly, competition that goes on between men and insects elsewhere, the one between bugs and the people in search of outdoor recreation is a minor skirmish. But it is the kind of direct, hand-to-hand combat that serves as a showcase for bug power and which scars and embitters many of us. With no slight intended to such crawling, probing creatures as fleas, ticks and mites, perhaps

the most fearsome and hated bugs which roam our land are the flying, biting, bloodsucking ones. This is the order of creatures which goes by the name of *Diptera* and includes, among other frights, the gnats, mosquitoes and flies.

Not that the *Diptera* are the most lethal of the insects commonly encountered during a vacation. That distinction goes to the *Hymenoptera*, an order that includes bees, wasps and hornets. The method by which a bee dispatches or temporarily incapacitates a man is fairly simple, at least from the standpoint of the bee. The stinging *Hymenoptera* are equipped with a small sac containing a poison that is injected into the victim along a hypodermiclike stinger. In the case of some insects, the venom can be paralyzing. So far as man is concerned, the venom is responsible for the initial pain when one is stung. For most people there are few other problems because the amount injected is very small. (In theory it would take the simultaneous stings of hundreds of bees or wasps to inject enough poison into a normal adult to cause serious illness or death.) But some individuals are acutely sensitive to *Hymenoptera* venom. The venom, once it enters the bloodstream, acts as an antigen, in reaction to which the body produces antibodies. The severity of this reaction is an allergic one, and varies from person to person, but those in whom it is extremely severe may enter a state of ana-

WHO SEZ-Z-Z-Z MAN IS THE DOMINANT SPECIES?

Certainly not the world's 800,000 different kinds of insects. Dining with gusto on the poor outnumbered humen and laughing at his poisons, the bug prepare for their finest hour—the summer, when mankind moves outdoors

by BIL GILBERT



phylactic shock and, a few minutes after being stung, succumb because of the collapse of the vasculature. There are certain warnings, allergies being in a sense progressive afflictions. The first exposure to the antigen produces the first antibodies, and these remain in the system for as long as 40 years, to be reinforced by the antibodies produced when the person is next stung. The reaction of a person who is very sensitive to bee venom will usually be worse the second time he is stung, worse still the third time, and so on, with the possibility that somewhere along the line the results will be fatal.

The bees and their kin kill 25 or so Americans each year, and create serious medical problems for several thousand more, but the public-health statistics bearing on the matter are sketchy. Many authorities believe these figures are conservative and that an appreciable number of serious bee-sting cases, and even a few deaths, are either misdiagnosed or go unreported.

Among the enormous horde of insects that concern men, *Hymenoptera* are a fairly trivial contingent, akin to a small but cunningly equipped commando company. It is otherwise with the *Diptera*. Not as directly lethal as bees and wasps, they are more numerous, more widely distributed and cause infinitely more sublethal agony. If not the most dangerous, they are certainly the most ag-

gravating and ferocious animals still abroad. Operatively, the saliva of the *Diptera*, which they inject into us when they bite, is an antigen like the venom of bees and capable of causing an allergic reaction. A red, hard, itchy lump is the familiar reaction most of us have to a fly bite. Some of us lump up more than others. But seldom, if ever, do we die from fly bites as we do from bee-stings. We just think we will.

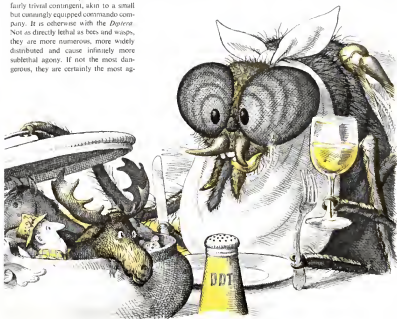
An important difference between the stinging bees and the biting flies is what might be called motivation. Bees sting in defense of their persons or property. It is possible to remain on good terms with the *Hymenoptera* by avoiding offense or the appearance of offense. The flies are something else again. They are outright predators who regard us as their choice prey and hunt us down. You can be nice as pie to a horsefly, for example, and as long as he lives he is going to regard you as a meal.

There is no point in trying to escape one by running. A horsefly can keep up with the fastest horse, and the females

are attracted to moving trains and automobiles, which they mistake for possible hosts. The thing the biting flies like best about us is our blood. A few flies fancy some of our other precious bodily fluids, like mucus, sweat, lymph, but these creeps are perverse rather than perilous, and there are few of them compared to the bloodsuckers. Blood is, of course, found under the skin of creatures who have it, and in order to get under our skins, and those of other mammals and birds, the flies have developed a really horrifying collection of blood-collecting instruments. Growing out of the faces of *Diptera* are needles, pins, punches, corkscrews, scalpels, nippers, rasps and suction tubes that make the torture instruments of the Inquisition look like Boy Scout equipment.

They are splendidly equipped to prey on us, and they do so almost everywhere. It is true that most of the *Diptera* require water, moist soil or vegetation in which to lay their eggs, but this is really not much of a restriction. It takes very little moisture for their pur-

continued



pose. A throwaway beer can half filled with water can serve as a nursery for enough mosquitoes to fill a three-man tent. There is virtually no place in the country too dry for at least some of the biting flies. Being essentially cold-blooded, most flies are inactive when the temperature goes below 50°, which gives everybody except residents of our tropical littoral some relief for at least six months out of the year. However, there is a catch even in this restriction. The bloodsucking flies are up and about at exactly the same time of the year when we feel the greatest urge to shed our clothes and deposit ourselves outdoors in forest and fen. The exquisite seasonal correlation between the activities of warm-blooded creatures and that of the *Diptera* thirsting for their warm blood is, of course, not an accident, but an evolutionary matter. The bugs have had millions of years in which to perfect their timing.

Biting flies are bad wherever you meet them, but they are perhaps a bit badder in the north than elsewhere. The evergreen belt of our northern states on up through Canada and Alaska to the barren Arctic is wet, hot country in the summer. Bugs by the trillions are hatched out of ponds, lakes, rivers, beaver meadows, sphagnum bogs and muskeg. When the biting ones emerge they seem to be in a frenzy to get in as many licks as possible before frost comes. In great boondock patches of northern real estate the bugs are so ferocious that sensible creatures, such as guides, loggers, surveyors and reindeer, simply abandon the land to them, get out and do not come back until the fly season is over. Others, like moose or outdoor recreationists, who either can't get out or are so silly as to come to the fly country voluntarily, suffer the torments of the damned and, if they are not laid low by bites and hysteria, must sneak around like a CIA man in Hanoi.

Which of our *Diptera* is the worst? The question is frequently debated, but is essentially a moot point. The flies are so numerous, predatory and ingenious that the ones where you are trying to enjoy outdoor recreation are the worst. The following, like an All-America football team, is simply one possible listing of the Best in Biting Bugs:

Mosquitoes (family *Culicidae*).
Deerflies, horseflies, moose flies (family *Tabanidae*).

Blackflies (family *Simuliidae*).
Biting midges (family *Ceratopogonidae*), also called no-see-ums and punkies.

MOSQUITOES. The all-round nasty of the *Diptera* is the mosquito of the *Culicidae* family, a disagreeable clan in which there are many genera and nobody is quite sure how many species that enthusiastically prey on people. Mosquitoes are sometimes identified according to the place where they breed or hunt; there are freshwater mosquitoes, brackish-water mosquitoes, woodland mosquitoes, field mosquitoes and indoor and outdoor mosquitoes. There are not many places where mosquitoes are not, and furthermore mosquitoes have been known to travel 15 miles to locate lunch. Only the female mosquito is equipped to bite. She bites with a tube-like proboscis tipped with two pairs of needlelike piercing instruments. The device is flexible, enabling the mosquito, once she has punched a hole, to wiggle her nose about under your skin like a plumber's snake, sucking up all your available goodness. At the same time she is eating on you the mosquito is injecting you with her saliva which, in addition to the always-present antigens, may contain wee beasties causing malaria, sleeping sickness and filariasis.

DEERFLIES, of the family *Tabanidae*, the second choice in this list of the Best Biting Bugs, complement mosquitoes as nearly as one thing can complement another, and with mosquitoes constitute the basic one-two punch of the great insect armadas that hover over North America. These two formidable flies have roughly portioned the day. The deerflies take over at dawn when many of the mosquitoes knock off work. They hunt until dusk, when the refreshed but hungry mosquitoes are ready for their next shift. The two biting flies not only hunt at different times but in different styles, and the effect is to make their reign of terror almost unending. Mosquitoes fancy quiet, prone, trying-to-sleep bodies. They are momentarily frightened off by convulsively thrashing arms and legs. Deerflies, however, are attracted by movement, and will sometimes miss you, as a hawk will miss a mouse, if you remain absolutely quiet. All of which means that when you want to go to sleep you have to stay awake swatting at mosquitoes, and in daylight, when

you want to move about, you have to hide from deerflies.

Horseflies, and other giant relatives of the deerflies such as moose flies, are also *Tabanidae*. Some monsters in this family may be an inch long. Like all the *Tabanidae*, their offensive noses are club-shaped, with a spike on the end. Since horseflies and moose flies are bigger than deerflies, their clubs and spikes are bigger. Mosquitoes and deerflies sting when they bite, but when you are holed by one of the big boys the pain is sharp, numbing. Obviously it is bad to meet such creatures anywhere, but the very worst place is under a canoe when you are trying to portage across a trail that is so rough you cannot put the canoe down. You just sweat and grunt and scream along, and let the big bloodsuckers make a Swiss cheese of you.

BLACKFLIES. The *Simuliidae* include such unforgettable bloodsucking characters variously known as the blackfly, turkey gnat and buffalo gnat. Ton for ton there are probably more *Simuliidae* abroad in the northern woods during the summer than any other insect. The blackfly is a smallish, dumpy, over-weight bug whose bite is painful but not as excruciating as is that of the moose fly. Blackflies are not as swift as deerflies or as agile as mosquitoes. They sort of lumber into the attack, and almost anyone can clobber a blackfly and keep on swatting them until he can no longer lift his arm.

These bugs depend on overwhelming numbers. When dealing with insects it may seem redundant to emphasize that one kind is plentiful. However, blackflies and their kind carry abundance to really ridiculous extremes. In season in the north woods almost every warm-blooded creature that moves is perpetually escorted by his own personal cloud of blackflies. Blackflies not only drive you mad with their bites. They threaten to blind you, and also to suffocate you as they swarm about your face. Unlike most flies—which dive in and try to get away before they are smashed—blackflies stay until the end, crawling under your hair and clothes, and continue to feed there until they are flushed out.

BITING MIDGES, officially called *Ceratopogonidae*, are popularly called no-see-ums, which is descriptive of both their physique and their tactics. When it comes to insects it is a case of every

continued

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man having his own favorite poison, and without meaning to disparage any other ferocious fly, quite a few woodsmen have a special abhorrence of this despicable collection of midges. Many of these gnats have a wingspread of less than a millimeter, or smaller than the mesh on a mosquito bar or a window screen. With the bigger flies it is always possible to try a hand-to-hand tussle, though it may not do much good. But even this psychological satisfaction is denied one attacked by the gnats. They are all but invisible. When you smash at them no carcasses fall. Since they tend to nestle down below the hairline, you may not even dislodge them while energetically slapping yourself. To complicate matters, gnats work most enthusiastically when the visibility is bad—at dawn, dusk and on muggy overcast days. About the only way these monstrous midges are known is through their works on us. Theoretically, the bite of an individual no-see-um should not be too painful, but this is unprovable because nobody has ever been bitten by just one. To be settled on by a cloud of them is like being bathed in a solution of nettle essence. You burn, itch, sting, hurt all over, everywhere.

Late one afternoon, 50 miles south of Mount Katahdin, in the boggy, buggy jungle of Maine, two travelers were hiking the Appalachian Trail, going in opposite directions, when they met and decided to camp together one night on the sands of a small body of water that they later took to calling This Godforsaken Pond. For a time after supper, when the deerflies and mosquitoes were changing shifts, it seemed like a nice enough spot for a quiet evening by the campfire. There was a muddling scenic, spruce Maine view across the water, and the loons were reasonably talented.

Then the no-see-ums descended in a fiery cloud. The two campers tried all

the usual defenses—repellents (which the bugs lapped up), mosquito nets (which they tore through), cursing and crying (which moved them not a bit). Finally, a big bonfire of driftwood was built and covered over with green alder limbs. The night was spent sitting in this smudge until the two campers could stand it no longer, at which moment they would run out for a breath of air (and of no-see-ums) before going back into the smoke. It was not an evening for great conversation, but along toward midnight one of the men made a remark of ecological profundity. "Ain't it wonderful," he said, "to be the dominant species?"

People have been smoking themselves like hams to escape insects ever since anyone can remember, and also trying other measures. Considering all the desperate thought that has been given the matter, we have not made a lot of progress. Old bush men, who cannot avoid going into the woods in the fly season, wear their winter long johns, not because their blood is thinner than ours but because they know more about bugs than we do. The Indians had somewhat the same approach. When the flies appeared in May, they stopped bathing and started slathering themselves with bear grease and beaver fat. This was said to be moderately effective, but resulted in a high rancidity level that lowered the tone of Indian society.

In modern times we have played around with a variety of things we hope-fully call repellents. These are principally volatile repellents (like citronella), which in theory smell bad enough to drive the insects away. Repellents do not work very well, however, either because they do not last long enough or because insects have stronger noses and stomachs than we do. In theory it might be possible to develop a truly effective repellent, but in practice such a compound would probably be as obnoxious, and

perhaps as lethal, for us as it would be to bugs.

Our most serious effort to do something about biting flies was made during World War II, a good bit of which was fought in places where insects were very strong. Because of their disease-carrying capacities (and because it is hard for men to concentrate on killing each other when they are trying to kill bugs), the military establishments of the world widely used some potent insecticides, the most notable of which was DDT and its near chemical relatives. These poisons were generally effective at first (per-versely, many insects developed an immunity to them) and after the war they were put to a variety of civilian uses. The effect of the widespread use of DDT and other such toxins is currently a matter of public debate and concern. It is perhaps enough to say that if the poisons are capable of doing to all of us what a good many physiologists think they can, then forcing us to develop these compounds may represent one of the insects' most important (if not terminal) triumphs over man.

Practically and metaphysically the best thing to do about bugs is to endure, if not enjoy, them. We are at times inconvenienced by floods and pained by blizzards, and some of us are killed by lightning—more, in fact, are killed by lightning than by bees or wasps—but nobody in his right mind would suggest that we do away with rain, snow and electrical storms to avoid the aggravations and hazards they cause. They are among the trials and tribulations of living, but also very much a part of life. It is somewhat similar with the insects. Although it is conceivable—though highly unlikely, considering our past failures—that we might be able to eliminate these creatures, to do so would require the destruction of much of the living matrix. Flies are bad, but not that bad. **END**



HORSEFLIES, DEERFLIES, MOSQUITOES AND NO-SEE-UMS REGARD MARKING MERELY AS A BLUE-PLATE SPECIAL

DEWAR'S PROFILES

(Pronounced Do-ers "White Label")



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BILL DRAKE

HOME: Bel Air, California

AGE: 33

PROFESSION: Designs the format for pop music programs on radio stations around the country.

HOBBIES: Pool. Monitoring his radio stations.

LAST BOOK READ: "The Godfather."

LAST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Created "Solid Gold Rock and Roll" and "Hit Parade 71," two of the most successful musical formats on radio today.

QUOTE: "You can't dismiss the rock groups as 'far out'. The fact that their music succeeds, suggests that their ideas are widely circulated and probably accepted by a lot of people. I think more attention should be paid to them. Listening might give everybody a better idea about what's on young people's minds."

PROFILE: Intuitive. Shrewd. Disarmingly casual. His sometimes abrasive manner has helped make him the most powerful force in broadcast rock.

SCOTCH: Dewar's "White Label"



Authentic. There are more than a thousand ways to blend whiskies in Scotland, but few are authentic enough for Dewar's "White Label." The quality standards we set down in 1846 have never varied: into each drop goes only the finest whiskies from the Highlands, the Lowlands, the Hebrides.

Dewar's never varies.



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It really shines.

King-Size and Charcoal 100's.



The House of Representatives Purple Heart and Ambrose Award for 1971 went to Rep. **Dante Fascell** (D., Fla.) for breaking an arm while playing paddleball—and then going on to break the pin they put in to hold the bone together. There was some grumbling about the decision, inasmuch as Fascell had been using a special aluminum paddle in the fatal game with Reps. **Del Clawson** (R., Calif.), **George Gooding** (R., Pa.) and **Joan Railback** (R., Ill.), all of whom played with the traditional heavy wooden jobs. To say nothing of the considered opinion of Rep. **Olin** (Tiger) **Toussie** (D., Texas), who presented the award, that it really should have been for the loud-mouth. When the chips were down, though, the boys could not deny the trophy to a man who managed the second break while exercising the injured arm at—let's hear it for **Dante Fascell**—the luncheon table.

Arantes do Nascimento, "better known," said a news agency report, "as **Pelé**." Was the star footballer "seeking to switch over to the less athletic calling of international conference delegate?" wondered the *Tribune de Genève*. Was the Black Pearl going to address the ILO on the employment problems of professional athletes?

Sorry, international intrigue fans, tension is stronger than truth. The gentleman was one **Edson Arantes de, not do, Nascimento**, a plain delegate. And for the Anti-Climax of the Week, he didn't even turn up for the kickoff of the conference.

So here is this private plane—parked on its own landing strip—and the owner is about to get aboard when up comes a cow. The cow poots 14 holes.



★ The stern hairless gentleman is that solid, familiar citizen, **Frank Howard**, now retired after 30 years as football coach at Clemson. As for the cuddly bushy guy below him, isn't that maybe **Glen Campbell**, the country-music star? Nope, it's our hero **Howard** again, who put the superwing on at an Atlantic Coast Conference sports-writers affair and properly steamed everybody. It does a lot for a man. "I am now so pretty," Howard allowed, "I might go back to college."

The current Clemson coach, meanwhile, has signed a 240-pound defensive tackle named **Guy Lombardi**. No, they do not claim he plays the sweetest game this side of heaven.

The International Labor Conference opened in Geneva amidst excited speculation as to how come Brazil was sending **Edson**

in the fuselage and right wing. Result: the plane is out of commission for 25 days. A sail story? Well, sure. The owner is **El Corifeo**.

Meanwhile, in Scotland, Pilot **Dave Berry** is bringing in a Royal Navy Hunter Jet over the Moray Club links in Lossiemouth when **Martin Robertson** skies his tee shot and sends a golf ball into the wing. A spokesman for the nearby airbase reported, "All our aircraft returned safely. It is understood one of their golf balls is missing."

★ Sporting Funeral of the Week—maybe even the Whole Year—was conducted by Britain's Society for the Preservation of Beers from the Wood. Not the *rewer* society, understood, but a tight little group called the Plumstead Branch, whose members gathered outside the Who'd a Thought It Tavern to mark the passing of real draught beer (in wooden kegs) and to protest its replacement by that awful stuff pumped out of the new aluminum kegs. Forty gallons of the good, old, real draught beer were consumed at the wake, and an old-fashioned keg was interred with simple dignity at Plumstead Common. The grief of the society's members was profound, and it is a credit to their British reserve that not one of them flung himself into the grave with the dear departed. By the way, the dear departed was empty.

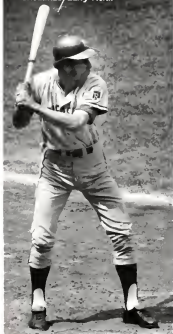
And why was **Danny Roderick** late for school? We thought you'd never ask. It seems the 16-year-old sophomore at Valley High in Bingham, Me. had a spat with his girl. Brooding, he decided to take a walk before classes. About a quarter-mile from the school **Danny** sat down under a tree to brood a little harder. He did hear kind of a funny noise behind him, but



thought it was his girl trying to scare him, and naturally paid no attention. When the 8:20 warning bell rang he relaxed, though, and said, "Come on, I'll walk you back to school." He said it to what turned out to be a mouse.

Danny spent an hour and a half up the tree, which is probably not as long as he spent behind the eight ball when his girl found out he'd mistaken a mouse for her.

Cancer researcher **Dr. Delano Meriwether**, who relaxes by running very fast in track meets (SI, Feb. 22), has collected a new honor: the 1971 J.D. Lane Research Award for his paper entitled "Inhibition of DNA and RNA Synthesis by Daunorubicin and Adriamycin in L-1210 Mouse Leukemia." A catchy little title, that. You can read it in just about the time it takes **Dr. Meriwether** to run the 100-yard dash.



AMOS OTIS TRYING TO BAT \$100,000

Noble mobile from Mobile

Amos Otis, just another Mobile, Ala., lad making good, ran his hitting streak to a welcome 12 games last week, a rate of success very nearly equaled by his Kansas City team. The Royals, in fact, became contenders in the American League West with 11 wins in 12 games while Otis' play was reminding people of such fine baseball names as Aaron (Henry), Williams (Billy), Agee (Tomme) and Jones (Cleon). They all originated around Mobile.

Although this is only Otis' second full season in the majors, there is strong evidence that no other American League

centerfielder possesses his skills. There is, according to Ewing Kauffman, the Royals' imaginative owner, still stronger evidence that no other Kansas City player possesses them either. Otis, says Kauffman, is the only Royal with the speed, strength and other necessary ecceteras that would qualify him for admission to KC's baseball academy (SI, Jan. 4). This speaks almost as well for what Otis has helped wrought as for the team Kauffman hopes one day to have.

With Curt Flood confining his game to Spain, Otis probably has no defensive superior in the league. Last year he led everybody in putouts, chances and double plays, and he tied in assists. He has now played 123 consecutive errorless games with a one-handed flair that stirs the crowd, teases the opposition and is the despair of Little League dads shouting "use two hands, son."

Otis sprints to first base in as little as 3.6 seconds, and last season he ranked in the top five in the three speed departments: doubles, triples and steals. An infielder will double him up about once every three weeks and, as Otis puts it, "If I'm 0 for 3 going into my last at bat somebody's gonna have to throw me out." In his season and a half with Kansas City he has never been caught stealing at second, and this year only teammate Fred Patek has more thefts.

If Otis has a shortcoming it is that he has yet to maintain a .300 average. Few doubt that he will, least of all Otis. "I might have done it last year, but I slumped at the end and finished at .284," he says. "My goal this year is to do better. If I do I'll hit .300 in no time."

No time might be the '71 season. With 22 hits in his last 61 at bats, Otis has lifted his average to .304, even while trying to give the Royals the home run they almost always lack. He contends that his homers are strictly a matter of "my getting the ball up in the air on a windy day." But he has 11, which ties him for fourth in the league and equals his output for all last season.

Because of his wide assortment of talents Otis has been compared by Cleveland Manager Al Dark to "the young Roberto Clemente." In the spring of 1969, however, he was not even a young Amos Otis. The New York Mets placed him on a seven-man "untouchable" list and hoped he would solve the team's chronic third-base dilemma. The drums rolled and the trumpets blew, but when

the season began Ed Charles was at third and the publicized Otis was on the bench.

"I was crushed," he says today. "I kept to myself and was the last person at the park and the first to leave."

Eventually, the Mets gave Otis a chance, but his performance was sour and he was sent to Tidewater. There he played his natural position, center field, batted .327 and so impressed the Kansas City organization that it traded Joe Foy for Otis and Pitcher Bob Johnson. "I was so happy that I went out and bought a bottle of champagne," Otis recalls.

The transformation of Otis, no longer in the shadow of New York's outfielding Mobilers, Agee and Jones, began immediately. By July he was named to the American League All-Star team, and he can be remembered as the man who almost threw Pete Rose out at the plate in the 12th inning. As his confidence grew and his shyness waned, Otis picked up some of the less beguiling folkways of today's stars, like loafing through spring training and pregame warmups. But beneath his cool veneer is a desire to excel—and to be rewarded accordingly. "I want to do everything," he says, "so that when The Man [Owner Kauffman] looks at me he'll want to pay me \$100,000."

When that happens, Amos Otis will have made it with the Mobile set.

THE WEEK

by MARK MULVOY

AL WEST The hottest team in either league, KANSAS CITY moved to within two games of Oakland in the loss column and still was ignored by All-Star Game voters. Only Second Baseman Cookie Rojas was listed among the top six vote getters at his position—and Rojas was a distant sixth. In an attempt to get him and other Royals on the squad, the team offered to send ballots to local business and industrial firms, and within 24 hours it received 32,000 requests. Next to Amos Otis (*above*), the rightest Royal was the newest team member, First Baseman Chuck Harrison. Recalled from Omaha after hitting five home runs and driving in 15 runs in two games, Harrison promptly beat Washington with a two-out, two-run single in the ninth inning and later helped beat Boston with a three-run double. For the week (Omaha included) Harrison had 21 RBIs. Vida Blue won his

13th game for Oakland, but it was Chuck Dobson's fourth victory—a strong five-hitter—that had the Athletics dreaming pennant. Dobson opened the year on the disabled list and was considered ready for surgery on his damaged right elbow. But the operation has been postponed, and Dobson has worked effectively in six of his last seven starts. After watching his Twins stumble through the first play of the game and then lose 12-0 for their fifth defeat in six games, MINNESOTA Manager Bill Ragny tried a bit of reverse psychology. He started Relief Pitcher Stan Williams for the first time in three years, sent Cy Young winner Jim Perry to the bullpen, hit grounders to the infielders himself and even sent reserve Catcher Paul Ratliff to home plate with the lineup cards. Ratliff lost two of them en route, but the Twins won the game and Perry got a save. Pitcher Lew Krausse blasted the MILWAUKEE hitters for not supporting his good pitching after he lost to a shutout for the second straight time. Said Brewers Manager Dave Bristol, "If Krausse's team doesn't score, then he's got to pitch a shutout and we'll play a tie." CHICAGO's Rich Reichardt and Tom Egan switched to something called the "locked-leg batting stance" and both hit two home runs, but the White Sox still lost four of five. Alex Johnson was not to be found in the locker room when California Manager Lefty Phillips wanted him to pinch-hit. One of Johnson's replacements, Billy Cowan, homered against New York and another, Tony Gonzalez, won the game with a single.

OKA 39-21 KC 31-23 MINN 38-32
CAL 58-33 CHI 31-30 MIL 31-34

AL EAST For his juggling act with baseballs, First Baseman Norm Cash was running ahead of himself in Fickle-Finger-of-Fate awards. At bat, though, the Detroit butcher continued to cut up opposition pitching: he hit his 12th, 13th and 14th home runs the hit only 15 all last year) and personally beat Milwaukee twice. Manager Billy Martin also got successive complete-game victories from Mickey Lolich, Les Cain, Joe Coleman and Mike Killebrew, and in Detroit people are thinking that 1971 might again be the Year of the Tiger. A notoriously slow starter, Cash has struggled for 10 seasons to approach his 1961 records—a .361 batting average, 41 home runs and 132 RBIs. "I've had a little more enthusiasm this year," Cash said. "I knew Billy Martin was finally going to manage this team like it should have been managed for five or six years." BALTIMORE Manager Earl Weaver, 3' 8" and 165 pounds, defended the anemic (1.90) batting average of First Baseman Boog Powell, 6' 4" and 250 pounds. "That Big Boob is of more value to me than Tony Oliva [371] is to the Twins," Weaver said.

"They've been to bat almost the same number of times, and Powell's been on base only eight fewer times than Tony. And Booger's got more RBIs." And Brooks Robinson made an error, only his second of the year, after 49 straight errorless games. BOSTON continued to wilt, and the voices of dissent were heard in the clubhouse. Carl Yastrzemski said "Of course" he should be batting fourth, not third, and also said that Reggie Smith is a "natural No. 3 hitter." Then he criticized the play of Centerfielder Billy Conigliaro. Smith batted third and Yastrzemski fourth in the next game, but Conigliaro stayed in center field. Rookie First Baseman Chris Chambliss (UCLA) won a game for CLEVELAND and his former college rival, Pitcher Steve Dunning (Stanford), with a home run. NEW YORK's Bobby Muncie, a left-handed batter with a .359 average, hurt his hand and missed his first game of the year. Lefthander Vida Blum happened to be pitching against the Yankees that game, and he struck out Muncie's right-handed replacement, Danny Walton, three times. WASHINGTON gave a reported \$150,000 to Pitcher Pete Broberg of Dartmouth, its first choice in the secondary phase of the draft.

BALT 36-30 DET 32-28 BOST 32-38
CLEV 38-29 NY 37-32 WASH 21-38

NL WEST SAN FRANCISCO reached the panic point when the Montreal Expos routed Juan Marchal 10-3 and the Giants lost their sixth game in seven June starts. Hoping he could help his hitters shake their slump, Manager Charlie Fox pitched batting practice. "Maybe when they unload against me," he said, "their morale will pick up." The Giants hit his slow pitching all over Pare Jarry before the game, but if their morale was lifted their averages were not as righthander Steve Renko beat them with a one-hitter. This led to a clubhouse meeting—players only—but no more pitching from Fox. And Montreal beat the Giants again the next night. Moving to New York, the Giants' bus got lost and they missed batting practice. Bad enough. Worse, they were only one pitch from a 2-0 victory when Pinch Hitter Dave Marshall hit a home run to tie the game. Somehow the smitten team recovered enough to win when Hal Lanier scored from second base on a wild pitch, and then they went on to take two of three from the Mets (page 22). "I hope that ends this June-sown business," Fox said. Richie Allen made his first visit to the new Veterans Stadium in Philadelphia with LOS ANGELES, and his old friends were there to welcome him. One sign read: YOU'RE GETTING BETTER, RICHEL. YOU GET TO THE STADIUM ON TIME, BUT LAST SUNDAY YOU COULDN'T FIND THE FIELD. Allen did find something in Montreal—and it was much to his liking. He hit two home runs in a 12-1 Dodger victory,

their biggest of the season. HOUSTON lost two more 2-1 games—making it nine such defeats this year. Zoilo Versalles, the American League's MVP with Minnesota in 1965, turned up at shortstop for ATLANTA, replacing Clerk Boyer on the roster. Versalles, still only 31, had six hits and three RBIs against St. Louis. After losing for the fifth straight time, Pitcher Gary Nolan of CINCINNATI said, "My mind's gone south. I'm afraid to make a mistake on the mound." In those five defeats, covering 34½ innings, the Reds scored only three runs for Nolan. Perhaps the least-heralded top player in the league is SAN DIEGO First Baseman Nate Colbert. Said Manager Gil Hodges of the Mets after Colbert ripped his pitchers for seven hits, including two home runs, in three games, "Nate should be the All-Star first baseman."

SP 40-22 LA 32-28 HOUS 30-31
ATL 29-24 CIN 24-25 SD 21-40

NL EAST Four days after his return to the bench, Manager Danny Murtagh had PITTSBURGH back in first place. Murtagh lost 10 pounds but none of his Irish wit while missing 16 games because of recurring pain in his chest. One night during his stay in the hospital someone asked Murtagh if he had heard from his old friend, Jimmy Dykes. "Hell, no," he said. "Dykes can't write." Murtagh could afford to smile, as Willie Stargell hit three more home runs (21 for the year), Bob Robertson and Al Oliver hit two and the Pirates took four straight from slumping ST. LOUIS. Card Reliever Moe Drabowsky, called to work in six of seven games, complained, "I'm going to enlist. I can spend the weekend on military leave and get a rest from pitching." After hitting a 12th-inning homer that beat the Pirates 1-0, CHICAGO's Joe Pezzitone joked, "You know me, I'm no superstar. Just a stupid star." Manager Leo Durocher moved Third Baseman Ron Santo to left field so he could keep utility man Paul Popovich's bat in the lineup. Popovich, a lifetime 243-hitter, had a seven-game hitting streak going. MONTRÉAL was enjoying its new Big Three—Pitchers Bill Stoneman, Steve Renko and Carl Morton—who are 21-17 for the season, and giving the leaders trouble. In PHILADELPHIA the subject was statistics. Manager Frank Lucchesi admitted that a manager contributes only 4½ to a game from the seventh inning on. And Pitcher Jim Bunning had the perfect put-out for Catcher Tim McCarver after the latter's 1,000th hit. "McCarver," said Bunning, "I've given up 3,000."

PITT 38-33 NY 33-23 ST. L. 30-27
CHI 29-31 MONT 24-30 PHIL 32-35



BRIDGE / Charles Goren

The show of hands proved Aces were high

Contract bridge returned to network television earlier this spring with a match between the world champion Aces and a Goren team of which I was the nonplaying captain. For those who missed it, the Aces won. It was a nip-and-tuck affair, however, in which my cohorts gave an excellent accounting of themselves. In fact, I am almost tempted to use the alibi the Houston Astros sometimes flash on their scoreboard after losing a close one: "They wuz lucky."

Those who saw the CBS show can probably decide for themselves how close the contest really was, although bridge is a difficult sport to fit to the TV medium and I am not sure that even this latest effort hit the right formula. Some viewers complained that the attempt to condense 11 hands into a single hour was overzealous, resulting in sequences of play that were too abbreviated to follow. Nevertheless, the match itself was exciting, and the result was in doubt right up to the last deal, which is shown below.

*Neither side vulnerable
West dealer*

WEST		NORTH	
EAST		SOUTH	

WEST	NORTH	EAST	SOUTH
(Opav)	(Wof)	(Gore)	(Jacoby)
PASS	1 ♠	2 ♠	DOUBLE
PASS	2 ♠	PASS	3 NT
PASS	PASS	PASS	

Opening lead: 10 of clubs

The North player for the Goren team chose, correctly I think, to pass initially and to reopen the bidding with one no trump after East's opening diamond bid had passed around to him. North made eight tricks for plus 120, including the 50-point part-score bonus, which meant that my team now was leading the match by 140 points. Since it was the last hand of the match, the Aces had to outscore us by more than that amount or we would have wound up the winners.

Of course, neither team knew the actual score at this point, but I think it likely that the Aces felt they were behind and this no doubt influenced Bobby Wolff's and Jim Jacoby's bidding of the North-South hands. Wolff had the skinniest of minimum opening bids, with the prospect of rebidding headaches if South responded two hearts to his one spade. When Jacoby doubled Bill Grieve's two-diamond overcall, it was for takeout, not for penalty, and Wolff had no choice except to rebid his spindly spade suit. Jacoby then slightly overbid the South hand with his optimistic three-no-trump call, and there they were, resting comfortably (but uncomfortably when South first saw the dummy) in a "cold" game contract that required two minor miracles: East had to have no more than two hearts, blocking the suit even if West chose to open it, and the jack of spades had to drop as part of a doubleton.

Harold Oguist opened the club 10, which was won by dummy's queen, and declarer led a spade to his queen and followed up with the king. East ducked both spade leads, but his effort was futile. South crossed to dummy with the king of clubs and led the 10 of spades to force out East's ace. With the queen of diamonds as an entry to the South hand, 10 tricks were there for the taking: East could make only two aces and a heart trick.

The outcome would have been different if East had held a small heart along with his king-queen. Then a shift to that suit after East had won his ace of spades would have left declarer high and dry. Jacoby would still have won four spade tricks, but when he tried to come to his hand with the queen of diamonds in order to cash his two club winners, East would have stepped in with the ace of diamonds and the defenders would have scored three heart tricks for down one.

As it was, the Aces' aggressiveness paid off. They scored 430 points—130 for tricks plus 300 bonus for the non-vulnerable game. After deducting our 120 score they netted 310 points, to win the match by 290—a margin small enough so that, hopefully, the bridge-playing public would enjoy a rematch.

END



This great natural resource doesn't have to go to waste.

There is a new kind of machine that makes junk valuable. It's called the car shredder.

The car shredder smashes automobiles into fist-sized chunks. It can smash one every thirty seconds. Six hundred a day.

A car shredder's brute strength comes from heavy-duty General Electric motors and controls.

The chunks from a shredder are 98% pure steel. And worth about two times their weight in natural iron ore. That's because the chunks can be fed directly into a new kind of steel furnace. To make about twice the steel the same amount of standard-grade iron ore can make.

The car shredder can help make abandoned

cars a rare sight in cities across the country.

General Electric is helping to cut other disposal problems down to size.

GE is exploring a process that uses bacteria to convert paper trash into high-protein food for livestock. GE is perfecting a new kind of municipal incinerator for the complete combustion of trash with virtually no air pollution. And GE has developed a new waste-treatment unit to significantly reduce water pollution from ships and boats.

These are problems that have been piling up for years. But the people at General Electric are working on new ways to help get rid of them.

**Men
helping
Man**

GENERAL  ELECTRIC



The filter system you'd need a scientist to explain... but Doral says it in two words, "Taste me"



FILTER: 14 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine, MENTHOL: 13 mg. "tar", 1.0 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report NOV. '90.

Though the importance of crew at Harvard, Penn or any other such school cannot be overstated—rowing is at once a manly sport and a manly one—at the U.S. Naval Academy it has an added virtue. It teaches sailors how to row a boat. When Navy crews get clubbed, as has happened all too often during the last decade, the Academy suffers a special humiliation. It is a special pleasure, then, to find that Navy's heavy-weight eight has a pretty good chance to win the big event of the intercollegiate season, this week's IRA on Lake Onondaga at Syracuse, N.Y.

If the Middies do win, the credit goes to a tough, old-line coach named Carl Ullrich. A man with 30-caliber eyes, short hair and a capacity for hard work, Ullrich is admired at the Academy for just those attributes. He was the personal choice of Navy's athletic director, Captain John Coppedge, who took over at Annapolis three years ago and polled every knowledgeable rowing man on the East Coast before making his decision. "There was," says Ullrich, "no suggestion from the athletic department that we were going to have to fight for our lives to get what we needed. Captain Coppedge said he wanted us to recruit and to win."

At the time of Ullrich's appointment Navy was in a slump. Rusty Callow's invincible crews of the early 1950s were just a memory. Harvard and Penn had emerged as the boats to beat, year in, year out. From the early summer of 1966 to the spring of 1970 Navy did not win a single race for heavyweight eights.

Ullrich had rowed for Cornell, where he took a degree in mechanical engineering, and served briefly at Ithaca as an assistant rowing coach. From there he moved on to become head coach at Columbia, and to discover that crew was only a semiserious sport in Manhattan. Boston University called on him to do something with the water-logged Terriers, who bit him back. He found that oarsmen were as hard to come by as support for rowing, which was minimal. Being casual does not suit Ullrich, who as a Marine commanded a rifle platoon in the Korean war. With valor. And apparently with humanity. It is said that his battalion commander told him one day, "Ullrich, you'd better get out of the Marine Corps. You get too fond of your men."

So there he was for Coppedge to

Anchors aweigh for the IRA

grab—a hard hat with a heart—and though he puts the Middies through very rigorous drills, they seem to want to win for him. His first indication of success came last year when his freshman eight beat the varsity. Ullrich began this season with nine sophomores in his first two eights, and 3½ boatloads of freshmen who will be pressing for varsity seats before too long.

After a winter of heavy conditioning, the Middies looked confidently to an opening race with Princeton—too confidently. "I hate to say it," recalls the coxswain, Frank Culbertson, "but there was a little bit of complacency in the boat." Says Ullrich: "I don't think there is any question that losing to Princeton helped us. Everybody got a little mad. I know I did."

That was Navy's last collegiate defeat. Yale was beaten, then Cornell, and then came the chance to face the best, Harvard and Penn, in the Adams Cup, which was rowed on the Academy's home water, the Severn, in May. Ullrich was somewhat tense. "I thought we had it made on Monday," he says. "On Wednesday I lay awake all night because we had a lousy workout. By then I knew we had screwed it up, and I had to do something, somehow, to unscrew it." His solution was to get kites for his varsity oarsmen and tell them to go fly 'em. They did, and kites, conditioning, discipline and the rest added up to victory. Navy tucked Harvard and Penn astern at the start of the Adams Cup and kept them there all the way. The brigade of midshipmen responded by hoisting the oarsmen on their chairs at dinner and parading them around Bancroft Hall, a salute ordinarily reserved for winning football teams.

The rowing committee made Navy the favorite in its next big regatta, the Eastern Sprints, but not Ullrich's rival coaches. A poll revealed that more than half believed the Middies would not win. "I realized," says Ullrich, "that we had to be stronger, tougher, faster." They were. They won.

In oarsmen's lingo, the way a man's

blade bites into the water is his "catch." Some boats have a fast catch, others a slow catch. Navy's eight is the deliberate kind. "They have mastered the hard part of rowing, the catch," Ullrich says. "They are getting hold of the water efficiently. They are using their strength economically. They are rowing together, sharply and cleanly."

Navy is not a big boat, averaging just 187 pounds from bow to stroke, but, as Harvard's Harry Parker says, a man's weight is not as important as how he "pulls water." At the moment Navy is pulling plenty and, after the years of drought, must be considered co-favorite with Washington's Huskies to win the IRA.

"I am the eternal optimist," says Carl Ullrich. "I don't think this crew has yet turned in the race it is capable of. There is nothing it can't do." **END**



COACH ULLRICH SPARKS NAVY'S SURGE

Six moves toward a world championship

Bobby Fischer transformed a routine elimination match into high drama with an astonishing string of victories that alarmed his rivals and forced Soviet experts to revise their assessments of his chances

Robert James Fischer, in a match in Vancouver, British Columbia to determine the challenger of Boris Spassky for the world chess championship.

1) Demanded that no spectators be allowed to watch him play (demand refused).

2) Demanded that no spectators be allowed to bring chess sets to the games (granted).

3) Changed his hotel room four times, seeking peace and quiet.

4) Won six games in a row, an achievement unparalleled in modern chess history.

His opponent, Mark Taimanov of the Soviet Union, was less demanding. He merely refused to play in the Graduate Centre of the University of British Columbia because the windows could not

be opened in the air-conditioned room, agreed to play in the Student Union Building, which has no windows at all, and refused to stop pacing the floor during games as Fischer demanded.

Ordinarily Taimanov is one of the most genial and easygoing of the formidable Soviet chess masters. He is 45 years old, a veteran of 19 years of international competition, a theoretician of the openings who even has one named for him—the Taimanov Variation of the Sicilian Defense. Once a top-ranking Soviet star but long relatively inactive, Taimanov made a strong comeback to qualify for the current world championship elimination matches. He is a concert pianist when he is not playing chess, and says that he leads a double life. When he is on the concert stage he thinks how pleasant it would be to be playing chess, and “when I devote myself to chess I think of returning to music.”

There were many occasions in Vancouver when he must have wished he was pounding out Bach or Beethoven. It began when Fischer arrived late for their first game. Fischer has taken up tennis, and had tarried a half hour at the court before going to the hall. In deference to Fischer's complaints about lights and spectators, the auditorium was dark, the stage indirectly lighted and the first four rows of seats kept vacant. Taimanov, with the white men, began boldly with a venturesome knight foray on his 12th move. It cost him a pawn, but Fischer faltered in turn on his 20th move, giving Taimanov another offensive opportunity, which the Russian failed to profit from. The game was adjourned on the 40th move, after nearly five hours of play, with Taimanov in a hopeless position. He resigned that game without resuming play.

Meanwhile, elsewhere in the world, three other quarterfinal elimination matches were being fought out. The procedure for determining the player who is to challenge Spassky, the world cham-

pion, is excessively complex. The world is divided into chess zones, and the winners in the various zones meet in an interzonal tournament. The six top finishers in the interzonal, together with the former world champion and the former runner-up, meet in four separate matches. A win counts for one point, a drawn game gives each player one-half point, and the first player to score 5½ wins the match. While Fischer and Taimanov were meeting in Vancouver, the ex-world champion, Tigran Petrosian, played a young newcomer, Robert Hubner of West Germany, in Seville, Spain; Viktor Korchnoi of Russia played his countryman Yefim Geller in Moscow; Bent Larsen of Denmark met Wolfgang Uhlmann of East Germany in Las Palmas in the Canary Islands.



SPASSKY'S TITLE SEEMS LESS SECURE



FISCHER HAS BEEN UNDERESTIMATED

None of these matches had results remotely comparable to the Taimanov-Fischer struggle. In Seville, for example, Petrosian and Hubner drew their first six games. A frail, 22-year-old college student, Hubner said before the match, "My chances are absolutely nil." They were not. The games were played in a ground-level, windowless room; the crowds were large, the air conditioning failed and Hubner was bothered by street noises that failed to disturb Petrosian, who is nearly deaf. Nevertheless Hubner held the former champion, a masterly defensive player, to six draws in succession. In the seventh game Hubner overlooked a winning move, became demoralized after he saw his mistake, lost, burst into tears, withdrew from the match and flew home to Germany.

Before his first game with Uhlmann, Bent Larsen said, "I will be the next world champion." It hardly looked that way at the start. The games were played in the casual confines of Club Nautico, a Canary Island yacht club, but both players found the struggle so exhausting they agreed to rest before going on to a decision. The recess evidently aided Larsen more than Uhlmann, for he won the ninth game, and with it the match, by a score of 5½ to 3½. It was much the same story in Moscow, where Korchnoi won from Geller in eight games 5½-2½. Korchnoi's and Larsen's victories were impressive under ordinary circumstances, but did not come close to matching Fischer's 6-0 defeat of Taimanov.

Admittedly Taimanov was off form, but he played steady chess and offered far stouter resistance than the final astonishing score would indicate. When the Russian had the white pieces he played dynamically, and tried consistently to force the issue and maintain the offensive. Fischer had no opportunity to display the flashy style he prefers and his games ran much longer than usual, for Taimanov would not let him attack.

The main weakness Fischer displayed was a tendency to relax when he had the advantage. In the second game, with the white pieces, Fischer was a pawn up with a winning advantage when the action was adjourned at move 44. When play was resumed he advanced a passed pawn too rapidly, lost it, and came down to the second adjournment with what now should have been an easy draw for Taimanov. In the end, after 9½ hours

of play, Taimanov blundered out of sheer fatigue and resigned on the 88th move. So Fischer won anyway, but he would not have against a Boris Spassky.

There were few such flukes in Fischer's victories. Age, however, was a factor, for Fischer grew stronger as the match progressed and Taimanov, obviously tiring, requested a delay for reasons of health. In the third game Taimanov mounted a strong offensive but wasted 72 minutes on his faulty 20th move—which left him with about two minutes per move before adjournment on move 40. He was forced on the defensive, lost his queen and resigned. The fourth game was a masterly work of art by Fischer, a hammer-and-tongs affair that lasted 71 moves. It was climaxed by Fischer's stunning sacrifice of a bishop that left Taimanov tied in knots. In the fifth game, with an almost certain draw, Taimanov suffered one of the most humiliating defeats of his career. On his 46th move he chose to take a poisoned pawn with his rook—poisoned because Fischer had merely to move his queen to put Taimanov's king in check and simultaneously bear on the rook. It was a child's error, for Taimanov had simply thrown away the rook. The Soviet observers sat in stony silence. Fischer left the auditorium like a man fleeing the scene of a crime.

Fischer's string of victories cast new light on an old question: Can he become the world champion? Before the match he said modestly that he hoped he or Larsen would play for the title against Spassky. But afterward he said he would be the next champion. "The Soviets have been putting up roadblocks for me for years," he said. "I am tired of being the unofficial champion. I should have been world champion 10 years ago."

Next month Fischer plays Bent Larsen, while Viktor Korchnoi takes on Petrosian. In Vancouver Alexander Kotov, the chief of the Soviet experts, said, "Fischer will not be the next world champion. I expected him to beat Taimanov and I expect him to beat Larsen." Kotov also expects that Korchnoi will beat Petrosian and that Fischer and Korchnoi will then meet in the semifinal. "If Fischer beats Korchnoi," Kotov went on, "a 50-50 proposition, there will be a great struggle between Fischer and Spassky. Spassky has all the qualities of a true champion: youth, stamina, versatility in

all phases of the game and a capacity for deep study. He has steadier nerves and a good plus score against Fischer."

All this would be more convincing if the Russian chess experts had not made the same points so often before. Spassky and Fischer have met in five games. Two were drawn, and Spassky won three. But the three games that Fischer lost to Spassky were in tournaments where his anxiety for a quick win led to his downfall, a situation that would not necessarily exist in a 24-game match for the world championship. Moreover, from the start of Fischer's career the Soviet authorities have depicted him almost universally as an unoriginal and uncreative player. They are almost obsessed with Fischer's defects, and it is possible that their emphasis on his flaws is a measure of their fear of Fischer. The spectacular performance against Taimanov was not a new development; it was merely another indication that Fischer is the most gifted player in the world today. One Soviet grandmaster who recognizes this is Viktor Korchnoi. After Fischer's victory over Taimanov, he said, "There has been a regrettable tendency to underestimate Fischer. I don't."

END



TAIMANOV'S LOSSES BECAME HISTORIC

.....Not
.....Infected
.....with the
.....Conceit
.....of
.....Infallibility





by SPIRO T. AGNEW

with JOHN UNDERWOOD

The Vice-President takes a philosophic view of sport and his own golf game. He has few illusions about his athletic capabilities—his failures, after all, are legion—but he keeps trying and he tells why

It may be of value to those golf fans who plan to attend the next Bob Hope Desert Classic in Palm Springs, Calif. to know that I intend to participate once more in that tournament. Forewarned, Cervantes said, is forearmed. Check the guest list before you venture out. I make no further promises, only that if crowds line the first tee the way they did in the past two years—a narrow corridor of flesh, toes to tee line, inviting mayhem—I may decide to tee up down the fairway. Despite the insinuations of a hundred cartoons inspired by my two appearances there, I do not really enjoy the sound of a golf ball making hard contact with members of the electorate.

Friends have said that it took rare courage to get back up on that tee last February, facing all those people, after striking Doug Sanders a three-wood to the head the year before. Others might call it stupidity. Or worse, I would think that the greater courage was demonstrated by Sanders in choosing to play with me again. In any case, after experiencing once more the preliminary trauma one necessarily goes through when facing unfamiliar hazards and golf critics, and then, to my horror, hitting three more people with two more shots, I was told, "Well, I guess this finishes you."

And my answer was, "No, I'll be back."

Predictably, I have been asked why I continue to put myself into such a wringer. What possible enjoyment could there be in it for me? The question seems simple enough, but it is fraught with implications, and my answer has a lot to do with the way I feel about many things—the lasting values and lessons of sport in our society, for one; the vital role competition plays in our system. Much of my philosophy of life, really. All of which I will get to shortly. So sit back. You are reasonably safe. A man can't shank a paragraph.

To begin at the obvious point: why golf? Actually, I have played the game seriously only a relatively short time, a few years. I started when I was in my 40s. I had some heartening early success and in the first months got my handicap down to 20. Now, eight years or so later, it is still 20. Those occasional good shots golfers

continued

Agnew is trouble: feet too close together, stance too upright, no shift of weight, no follow-through, eyes closed, jacket doesn't fit.

revel in keep me coming back, but I doubt I will ever shoot a laudable score. I am, to borrow a friend's assessment of his game, convinced I can play better, but I never have.

Other sports came easier, though I can't say that I ever excelled. Table tennis is actually my best game, but that happens to be a touchy subject just now. Golf I have found to be a tremendously exciting, challenging, frustrating, torturing game, one that takes you out in beautiful surroundings and allows you—if you are playing poorly enough—to forget how beautiful all that scenery is. It is a great game, a genuine test of your ability to overcome adversity by yourself, to cope with failures you cannot blame on anyone else. In most games you are not always sure if you are doing well or your opponent is doing poorly. Golf removes the doubt. Furthermore, it is a scientific game; the margin for error is infinitesimal.

As has been pointed out, not without derision, I also play tennis. The scoreboard shows that I once nicked Dinah Shore with a shot (actually barely touched her) and on another occasion hit a doubles partner on the back of the head with my serve. It happens, though it should not be allowed to happen to controversial Vice-Presidents. But I have noticed a significant difference in the way I feel after a round of golf and how I feel after a few sets of tennis.

On days when I crowd it all in, which I sometimes try to do, I play 18 holes of golf, then four or five sets of tennis. But never in reverse order. After tennis, having run a lot and worked up a good lather, I feel relaxed. I feel calm. Contented. After a round of golf, I do not feel that way at all. If I have played relatively well, I feel almost compelled to go out and play some more before the magic leaves me. If I have played down to my level, I am irritated. I brood a little. I agonize over my mistakes. I have never agonized over tennis. Perhaps this explains why I can play acceptable tennis and do not play acceptable golf. Perhaps I could not stand golf if I did not have tennis to balance it out. I'm not sure.

For years I have been an avid reader of the golf periodicals and a collector of magazine stories that offered those splendid technical golf tips that are always so plausible and so simple, until you go out and try to implement them.

I am, furthermore, the most overproud Vice-President ever elected. As the active symbol of the great American duffer, a teaching professional sees me and says to himself, "Now, there is a challenging piece of raw material. If I had two weeks with his game. . . ." And over the years as I traveled from place to place, I had my grip moved a quarter turn to the left and a quarter turn to the right; my stance opened, my stance closed; my backswing lengthened, then shortened. None of the worms in my game went unexamined.

And then, inevitably, I came to the maddening realization that golf is also a game some relaxed souls play reasonably well even though they do not hit the ball in the accepted fashion. Much of my trouble has been in trying to adjust back and forth, and I'm in the process of getting out of that. The only pros I'm listening to these days are Arthur O'Linger at Ocean City (Md.) and Jack Koennecker at the Canyon Country Club in Palm Springs, and I just can't be tuning in to anybody else, not even my friends Arnold and Doug. I realize this is not necessarily good publicity for Mr. O'Linger and Mr. Koennecker. Their roles in my life have been likened by the press to that of the navigator of the *Titanic*, the intelligence aide to General Canard and the campaign manager of Harold Stassen.

I have felt that if I ever got myself disciplined I could play regularly in the 80s, which is, I understand from the professionals, a level only a small percentage of golfers attain. I can hit the ball, I know what I'm supposed to do. But I waste so many shots. I don't get enough of what the pros call those "good misses." I suppose my good shots are what they might call good misses. In any case, I have never even considered quitting the game. Not once. On the contrary, I intend to stick it out, even if it gets worse, and the political cartoons along with it. I will not let it—or them—beat me.

A short chronology of the two most embarrassing of my golfing misadventures, those famous hits on innocent bystanders, is in order here if only to satisfy those who enjoy seeing grown Vice-Presidents squirm. Actually, the shots were not all mis-hit the same way, nor with the same club, so the purists might be interested, too. They might want to take notes.

Both episodes occurred on the first hole I played in the Hope Classic. In 1970 I got off the first tee safely before I hit Doug Sanders. I had hooked my drive about 150 yards down past the line of spectators and onto a cart path where the ground was hard and smooth. Sanders was in the fairway, ahead and to my right. The crowd split, the bulk of it moving down to surround him and shield him from my view.

My caddy handed me a three-wood and walked away. I looked at the club and at the terrain and said to myself, "I can't hit a three-wood off here. I need an iron." But there were so many people milling around that I lost sight of my caddy and couldn't find him.

So I hit the three-wood anyway, and I was absolutely correct about its being the wrong club. Or I the wrong golfer for it. I came into the hard ground behind the ball and pushed my shot to the right and over the heads of the people surrounding Sanders but, unfortunately, not over Sanders' head. It was, luckily, a softly hit ball, and it sort of arced like a weak punt over the crowd and into the center of Doug's concentration. Hard enough to break the skin on his head but soft enough to leave him functional. A one-in-a-million shot.

Doug was great about it. He got bandaged up and continued on, and though I knew he was uncomfortable the rest of that round, he never complained. I don't recommend this method for winning friends, but that is what we've become. We've kept in close touch since and played golf together many times, and I've gotten to know his family. When we Agnews were down in Palm Beach recently, he and his wife Scotty drove up from Miami to have dinner with us. I think Doug is one of the kindest, most gentle men I know. It's a pleasure to watch him with his son Brad. They idolize each other.

Well, I've always been reasonably philosophical about failure. Every time you try something there is a chance you are going to fail and you've got to be prepared for it, to take whatever comes. I remember when I ran for governor of Maryland and my kids were all excited election night and I had to get them together and say, "Look, I know you're excited, and I'm excited, too, and we're hopeful, but before you go to bed tonight we could learn that I've lost the election. Are you ready for that? I don't

continues

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tell you much about
a man...

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Forgive the Scots if they talk a bit too reverently of their scotch. But it is their life and love. And they do have a point.

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Agnew *continued*

think it will happen [it didn't], but are you ready?" They sobered up pretty well, and I think that helped them.

Every time I go out as a public man to attempt something, specifically now in the sports field, I know I'm risking a thousand cartoons that show galleries running for cover. Or headlines that say **AGNEW MAKES GOLF A CONTACT SPORT**. Or columnists who write that it is not news when Agnew hits a spectator, it is news when he does not hit a spectator. And I know, too, that state legislatures like Indiana's will pass tongue-in-cheek resolutions forbidding me from playing on their courses.

But I went back to Palm Springs this year just the same. First because Bob Hope asked me to; he said it was for charity and my being there would help. And second because I very much believe that if you're not willing to risk failure and embarrassment it means you're not willing to try, and that's a luxury this country cannot afford.

I confess that on my second trip to Palm Springs I was a lot more nervous than I thought I would be. To begin with, I was kept in a holding area in a trailer, much longer than I expected and I got to thinking too much about what might happen. Then when I was taken up to the first hole, driven up by car, I could see the thousands of people on either side of the tee, right up to the edge of the raised portion and extending down the fairway, and I was suddenly aware of how big the crowd was, much larger than the year before.

I had no warmup. Willie Mays drove right after Doug Sanders and he hit a low screaming hook that cleared the line of spectators by no more than three feet. Willie hits the ball a ton, farther than most pros, and when I saw how close he came to those staring faces I was suddenly aware how vulnerable they were. This frightened me. Willie hit another one, this time a beauty, and then Bob Hope hit. Hope is a very steady golfer, very grooved. He was down the middle. Now it was my turn.

My first impulse was to say, "Move back," and I gestured to the two walls of spectators. Nobody budged. I teed the ball up. Waves of uncertainty swept through me. My legs were jelly. I swayed coming into the shot, almost a lurch, and the club face opened and I just clipped the ball with the toe of the club. It shot off to the right at a sharp angle.

continued

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Posture Foundation.® A rigid rubber wedge. Built in.

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And that helps give you better footing. On any court. So you can hustle back for those lobs. Or rush the net. Or lean into an ace.

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You just have to have more.

Like Jack, the Giant Killer.



The only one with the wedge.

JACK. THE GIANT KILLER.

Agnew *continues*

similar to a shank, but not with the power it would have carried had I hit it solidly with the open face. I knew it hit somebody, actually it ricocheted off the arm of a man and then hit his wife, but in that split second as I swung I could see the cameras and realized instantly what was in store for me. I had what can only be described as a terrible sinking feeling. I turned away as a reflex action, as much as to say, "Oh, my," and dropped the club. Then I remembered the poor lady I had hit, and I went over to apologize to her, and she was all right. I kissed her bruised forearm and she said, "It's all right, go on and play."

I went back and teed up another ball, thinking to myself, "Well, it can't happen again." But I was still very shaky. Legs weak, head spinning. Unbelievable as it seemed, I hit my second shot the same way, except this time much lower and a little harder. This one skipped through the gallery and hit a lady on the ankle. I couldn't find her at the time but learned later she had been taken to the hospital for observation and then released. We got in touch with her afterward and apologetically sent her an autographed tray as a souvenir of her misfortune. The first woman and her husband were given a trip to the Doral Open in Miami as substitutes for me after I was awarded World's Worst Golf Shot honors by a radio station.

Obscured by that horrible start and the generally miserable round that followed were four or five pars, small patches of repair on my damaged confidence. The most satisfying moment of the day came on the last hole. I was the only one in the foursome, including the pro, to get a par. Such an item does not attract the attention hitting someone with a ball does, of course, but it keeps a duffer interested.

It could be argued, in view of these dubious contributions to the good name of golf, that I should have had my fill of sport long ago and, along with those who intellectualize against athletic competition, sought to put the game in its place. That is to say, recognize it for the inconsequential time-user it is.

Nothing could be farther from the truth. I believe that sport, all sport, is one of the few bits of glue that hold our society together, one of the few activities where young people can proceed along traditional avenues, where objec-

lives are clear, where the desire to win is not only permissible but encouraged and, conversely, where a man can learn how to lose without being destroyed by the experience.

One of the things that has unraveled our society, in my judgment, is that a man's basic need to have objectives, to achieve, has been obscured by all manner of philosophical gabble that would dilute his taste for competition. In our educational system, for example, we've tended to excuse the nonachievers (they can't cope, so just promote them anyway) and underemphasize application and hard work. We have substituted catchall words like "relevance," and if a child doesn't learn, well, it's not his fault, it's his environment's or his heredity's or his teacher's.

In sport, the objective is still to win. You are not allowed to think that way anymore in many walks of life. People who exhibit that tendency are said to be "aggressive," or "unsympathetic," or "insensitive" or they "lack compassion." Opponents of the free-enterprise system tell our young people that to try to be successful is bad; that the only thing worthwhile is to find something to worry your hands about and to try to make everybody feel better.

I would not want to live in a society that did not include winning in its philosophy; that would have us live our lives as identical lemmings, never trying to best anybody at anything, all headed in the same direction, departing not from the appointed route, striving not for individual excellence. I would rather be a failure in a competitive society—which is our inheritance—than to live in a waveless sea of nonachievers.

Those who scoff at the desire to win in sport are those who basically are afraid to lose. They won't try because they do not want to risk failing. Winning, therefore, is not worthy of their attention. I risk nasty comments and pointed meritment over my golf and tennis because it is a measure of pride with me that I think it important to the American system that I should still be willing to face ridicule, that I am not going to quit just because I have failed once. Or twice.

What if you do fail? For every winner there has to be a loser. What happens in this brutal system to the fellow who fumbles on the two-yard line with a minute to play and loses the game for his team? What of the Little Leaguer

who strikes out with the bases loaded in front of all his teammates and mother and dad and his friends? Or the sad character who clunks Doug Sanden with a three-wheel before thousands of people? To begin with, he takes the consequences. He suffers mightily. He goes through a terrible aftereffect—and it may not be just for that day but stay with him forever.

Yet a man who has not known failure cannot fully appreciate success. You can't know pleasure in any greater degree than you have known pain. The affluent, born to wealth, every whim catered to, cannot appreciate the fine food and the luxuries because they are routine. During my service time, in the Battle of the Bulge, I slept in the ice for a week. I was so cold that when I finally got into a warm place the simple pleasure of having the heat from the stove wash over me was one of the most enjoyable sensations I have ever known.

From defeat, from failure, from hardship, something builds within a person. And if he can throw off his disappointment and dismay and come back and try again, he develops a kind of personal cohesiveness that keeps him together as a man throughout his life. That's the message of sport. Not only trying to win, to achieve, but learning how to cope with failure.

The most important concomitant of "failure" that applies to a society such as ours is this: the young person who finds he cannot compete in a certain sport or a certain field will by necessity gravitate from something that he is not good at to something that he is better at, to something at which he can excel. The youngster who is an absolute bust at football comes in and suddenly finds he can play pretty good tennis. Or can play the piano better than anybody. Or he becomes a writer or perhaps a teacher. Maybe he becomes a Vice-President. He seeks that which he is best at; the "brutal system" that chases him out of what he does poorly helps him find what he can do well and, in the end, makes him a more productive member of society. Society benefits.

As a spectator, I am thrilled by the performances of the achievers of sport, those who have willfully set out to be the best and have made it. Those who dared stand above the crowd, giving us something to respect, to appreciate. I am thrilled by the magnificence of Arnold Palmer.

Or Brooks Robinson making those incredible plays at third base. I saw the films of the World Series the other day and could not believe how anybody could react that fast. And to watch a team, as a team, reach great heights, the way the Bulls did in their last game against the Knicks in the playoffs. That was a performance so stimulating you would have thought I felt plotted. I remember still the excitement I felt when the Colts won that sudden-death championship game against the Giants in 1958. I leaped from my seat in front of the TV set and ran outside in the cold to see who else was enjoying it. I had been one of the first 50 season ticket-holders when the Colts came to Baltimore in 1947, in the old All-America Conference, and it amazed me how I suffered when the team lost, an actual transference of the Colts' own suffering. I remember a game they lost to San Francisco that knocked them out of the race, when John Brodie had one of his wild days, and I was so mad my kids took off in all directions. They said, "Stay away from Dad. The Colts lost."

The point is that if these achievers, these Palmers and Robinsons and Brodies, did not dare to be the best, how would the pleasure of their performances ever reach us? I have watched Palmer carefully over the years, watched how his personality penetrates a gallery. He is not, basically, a flamboyant man; I think I know him well enough to say that. He is calm, considerate, tranquil. He does not try to attract a lot of attention or do theatrical things to encourage a gallery. And yet the people love him, and I think the thing he projects, the thing they see, is what I am talking about: the tremendous desire to succeed. He is out there to win.

It happens to be popular just now to expend a lot of anxiety and newswort over the athletic "dropouts"—I do not recall them all, but the names Dave McGughey and Chip Oliver come to mind, and now George Sauer Jr. of the Jets—those who not only quit but who made their exits with over-the-shoulder denunciations of their sport. I am not surprised by this particular form of hand wringing. We have become more concerned with the aberrations than the norm in this country.

We've always had our dropouts, even in sport, but only recently have we sought to dramatize them. I do not doubt that

Continued

these athletes all have sincere reasons for their decisions, perhaps differing from case to case. Sometimes it is a matter of not being compatible with a team or just being fed up. Nobody writes about the doctor who gives up medicine because he is disenchanted. Medicine is not a spectator sport. Nobody writes about the scientist who, after years in the laboratory, suddenly votes away or the professor who tries of teaching.

There is nothing wrong with a judgment fairly reached that tells you what you are doing is not right for you. I would suspect, however, that sometimes those who quit and then denounce the sport they have fled are at least guilty of an accommodation, of seeking openly to justify their quitting. Look, on the other hand, at all the people who have played and retired and still support the game of football. Who administer it, write about it, broadcast it. The professional players I am acquainted with, the Colts I got to know so well—John Unitas, Tom Matte, Gino Marchetti, Billy Ray Smith—were all glad they played their sport and felt very rewarded by the experience.

But dropouts are not contagious. I am more concerned with the widespread attitude among our young people that everybody should just do whatever he

pleases, that experience means nothing. It is this I-know-how-to-do-what-I-want-to-do-and-you-can't-tell-me-anything philosophy that has been a problem on the campuses, a problem for coaches as well as all other teachers. Fortunately, it is not a sound philosophy and will go out of vogue quickly because it produces weak results.

It is as wrong for a young athlete not to take advantage of the coaching and the knowledge of a Bear Bryant, for example, as it is ridiculous for us to be challenged in government with some childish idea that was thought through and discarded as unsuitable years ago. But it happens. We, some members of my generation, keep telling the children today they are the smartest that ever came along and that it is up to them to straighten the rest of us out. This is pap, weakness on our part, insidious for them. Youth becomes infected with the virulent conceit of infallibility. No matter how limited the frame of reference of the young, they seize upon what they think is new and wise and you cannot tell them it long ago failed the test of time. Coaches who let athletes tell them how to coach are not going to contribute much to the athlete's preparation for those hard times later on when he has to face the outside competition. This

does not mean that no youngster ever had a better idea than his coach or teacher. If that were true, we wouldn't see the improvement in records every year. What it means is that experience has much to offer, history is worth examining. That much should be considered before change that has failed before is tried again. Life, after all, still has its realities, though sometimes I am startled at those who do not see them. I can't help but smile about the boy on the U.S. table-tennis team who visited a Red Chinese commune and saw all those people living in a 15-by-15 room the Chinese called an "apartment." He came back enraptured. He eulogized the discipline, the austerity. Back home if he sees that number of people living in a 15-by-15 room he will call it poverty and repression.

Do not misunderstand my doubts about the table-tennis episode. I do not at all minimize the value of sport in international relations. There are too many instances to the contrary. Just watching the Olympic Games on television is a highly emotional experience, seeing the interplay of great athletes from varying backgrounds. For years the State Department has sent athletes abroad as emissaries, and the results almost invariably have been positive. If it takes table-ten-

continued



Agnew serves up a surprise—a ball to the head—in a doubles match.



He has also let some painful shots in the last two Hope golf tournaments.



Blended Scotch Whisky—45 Proof—Jrven-Farnam Stillers Corp., Louisville, Ky. © 1971

1853 was a very good year.

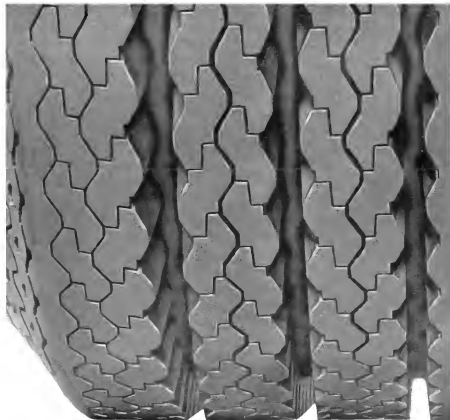
Gourmets know that you can make or break a fine meal before it starts. You should, therefore, select your before-dinner Scotch as carefully as your dinner wine.

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Other light Scotches came along after, of course. But Usher's remains light-years ahead. The original. The perfect dinner Scotch. Request Usher's Green Stripe at finer dining spots. It stands to reason, where the food is better, the Scotch will be, too.

USHER'S GREEN STRIPE SCOTCH

The original light Scotch since 1853.



New rugged radial built

Introducing the Atlas Goldenaire Radial Tire



6 plies under the tread give you up to 3 times the resistance against rupture and 13 times the resistance against cuts and punctures when compared to conventional tires.

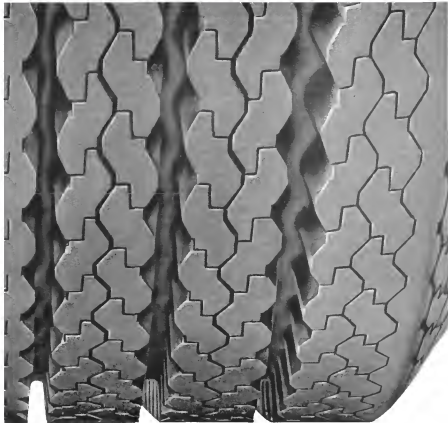
Delivers unconventional mileage, too!

With the Goldenaire Radial* you have more going for you because you have more under you.

Take the 6 plies, for instance: 2 radial plies plus 4 "Tread-Saver" belts. This construction keeps the tread firm. It reduces movement between tread and road so you get less squirm.

The less the tread squirms, the less it wears, which means you get more miles.





with the strength of Atlas.

Improved handling and cornering. The new Goldenaire Radial responds to directional changes more surely than conventional tires. Flexible "radial" side-walls yield to cornering force, allowing the tread to remain on the road.

Result: you get dramatically improved handling and cornering.

Saves on gas. Firm tread support plus radial body plies give the Goldenaire Radial a free-rolling characteristic. This means it requires less engine power, so you use less gas.



You'll find the new Atlas Goldenaire Radial tire at leading service stations coast to coast. Along with other Atlas tires, batteries and accessories.

And remember, all our products are built with the strength of Atlas.

*Radial tires should be used in sets of four. They should not be mixed with any other tire construction.

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New Atlas Goldenaire Radial
You're miles ahead riding on the strength of Atlas.



Putting real muscle into his delivery, Agnew throws out the first ball before an All-Star Game.

nis players to pierce 22 years of intransigence, well and good. Very good.

But the circumstances in this case were unusual ones. My judgment, as I indicated, was, sure, we should begin to ease our relations with mainland China, but because they invite our table-tennis team to play their table-tennis team does not mean they have changed their attitude toward humanity. Two weeks before, Chou En-lai was in Hanoi offering North Vietnam any military assistance it needed in the war against us.

My principal complaint, however, was that the visit of these few Americans was not reported as a meaningful encounter of sportsmen but was used as a vehicle to praise the Chinese system and way of life. There was all that nonsense of the "exquisite Chinese taste" in not putting their best players against us. Well, some people just might interpret that maneuver as condescending. I know if I'm playing a superior tennis player, and I think he's letting up, I can't enjoy the game. I'd rather he beat me 6-0 than demean me by playing less than his best.

I don't think the Chinese meant it to be demeaning, but it was. For propaganda purposes, they were given a windfall. They were saying, here we are, folks, an obviously superior force but happy to see you primitives come try to play our game.

But, as I said, though have not yet dared to prove in public, table tennis happens to be my best game, so you will excuse the proprietary interest I show in it.

And golf is not my best game, which is why it is, for me, an example of the

kind of perseverance I have been discussing. I never knew there was such a thing as golf until I was almost in my teens. In my middle-class neighborhood it did not compare as a moldier of young athletes with softball, football, soccer or basketball. Those games we played in the vacant lot, always called "The Field," which was our gathering point every afternoon after school. We operated independently of school activities, and sports, often tailored to our improvisations, were a way of life. Golf was not. Our version of it was a solitary thing, a game tried when no other players were available and one was tired of throwing fly balls to himself. It was then acceptable to stand in the yard and swing an old mashie or niblick at an imaginary ball. My particular war club for those quiet moments was a slightly warped, rusty audiron that, through painful negotiation with a hard-nosed kid on the next street, I acquired in return for two Tom Swift books. When the time was ripe, I would use the club to impress the 13-year-old girl next door with the power and coordination of my swing.

I was able to raise some startling divots during these sessions, as well as a few irate cries of "Take that thing someplace else" from parents. You would think that I might have learned to avoid one bad habit that certainly handicapped me later on. I never used to move my head in those days. With no ball to watch, there was no use peeking. But looking up is now one of my worst faults.

I know not the cause—perhaps the girl moved away—but my interest in golf

was suspended after that, to be revived only a few years ago after I had persuaded the voters of Baltimore County to move me from private law to full-time government. I made acquaintances then who were avid golfers, who really believed that it is a relaxing game, and before long I was in the hands of a Scotsman named Andy Gibson, the pro at the Country Club of Maryland, who taught me the grip. After that, one thing led to another. I was hooked.

I have enjoyed most of it, and not infrequently been amused. A game I had with Jim Rhodes, the former governor of Ohio, the day before the Republican National Convention in Miami, was certainly one of a kind. Rhodes happens to be a politician who can play the game. He learned as a caddy and handles himself with a caddy's shrewdness. When I pulled up in front of his hotel to pick him up that day, he was nervously pacing the sidewalk in (to my surprise) a business suit. He sprang into the car and shouted, "Let's get out of here!"

I asked him to explain himself. He said he did not want to be seen heading for the golf course and that he had sent his gear on ahead. I let it pass. But on the 4th hole an attendant ran out to say Nancy Dickinson and an NBC crew were on the way. Rhodes reacted as if he had just placed his hands on a hot grid-iron. He herded us into the golf cart and back to the locker room, seeking escape. The camera crew was already there and could be seen at the door. The governor threw his clothes over his arm and hustled us back into the cart and down the 9th fairway in the wrong direction. At a point opposite Comedian Woody Woodbury's house, he parked the cart next to an eight-foot wire fence and ordered us over. I got one leg over the top, and then—panic. I was stuck. I might have stayed the winter there had not Mr. Woodbury's housekeeper brought a rescuing ladder, and eventually we all made it over. After that, more cowboys and Indians, with the camera crew cruising the streets and the four of us ducking in and out of alleyways and shielding our flight behind bushes and palm trees.

It took two hours to make final our escape, and when we were at last in a safe place and refortifying ourselves with something cool, I asked Jim what possible reason he had for such wild behavior. He fixed me with a knowing smile

continued

IT'S A LOT OF LITTLE CAR.

Admittedly, Vega isn't as inexpensive as some little cars you can buy.

But we didn't build Vega just to be an inexpensive little car. We built it to be a good little car. And it is. In fact, we think Vega is the best little car money can buy.

One big reason is Vega's engine. We didn't borrow anybody's existing engine, because no existing engine was good enough. Vega's is a 140-cubic-inch overhead cam with an aluminum block. Very unique. Also very functional: it manages to be peppy and frugal at the same time.

There are other things that make Vega seem like a lot more car than most little cars. Like interior room. Vega offers as much room per passenger as many big cars.

And Vega comes standard with an amazing array of features not normally found in little cars. For one thing, Vega comes standard with big 10-inch disc brakes up

front and new-type drums in back.

And Vega comes standard with foam-filled front bucket seats, which are quite possibly more comfortable than any car seats you've ever felt.

And Vega comes standard with side guard beams built into each door, for added protection.

And a very refreshing power ventilation system.

And even a disposable engine air filter that lasts 50,000 miles—more than twice as long as the old kind.

And Full Coil suspension, self-cleaning rocker panels, double-panel roof construction, 3635 square inches of glass area, a Delcotron generator and an electric fuel pump. Check Vega out at any Chevrolet dealer's. You'll be surprised.

It's a lot more car than you expected it to be.



Buckle your seat and shoulder belts.
It's an idea you can live with.



"I want to taste the tobacco in my cigarette.
I get what I want.
I smoke Old Gold Filters."

Old Gold Filters. The cigarette for independent people.

19 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Nov. '70.



and said, "Nobody in Ohio knows I play golf yet."

But it is appropriate to point out that the enjoyable stories about one's own golf are more often than not stories about times that were anything but enjoyable. I said golf is a challenging and frustrating game. I left out humbling. Certainly every man ought to be humbled a little, and, speaking as an expert, I can assure you that golf is humbling.

There was a period during my early membership days at Five Farms in Baltimore County when I ventured out alone on single-bag, nine-hole voyages of discovery, usually in the afternoon and usually in the care of a young, inexperienced caddie. I used these solitary rounds as laboratory sessions, often on a course clogged with ladies.

One afternoon I came upon a ladies' foursome at a very difficult par-5 known as The Barn Hole, so-called in honor of an old barn that stands on the adjacent lot. The women had hit their first shots and were a quarter way down the fair-

way when they motioned me through. I teed up my ball, took a careful practice swing and hit a ground-shaking double dropkick that sent shock waves through my shoulders and propelled the ball 10 feet forward.

I glanced at my caddie, a boy of about 15, took my four-wood, quickly got into position and teed a low liner that passed breathtakingly close to the head of one of the ladies on its way into a sand trap. We hurried down the fairway, the caddie and I, and at the edge of the trap he handed me a four-iron. I swung, but the ball remained in the bunker. Next, a six-iron and out, but only a measly couple of feet.

I had now taken four shots in my effort to hit through the women. They were staring. My caddie, in an unbecoming effort to disassociate himself from the sideshow, was staring at the sky, chewing on a weed, and keeping as far from me as protocol would allow. The heat under my collar crept toward my ears.

I selected the four-wood, clenched my teeth and let it all go, this time making flush contact and sending the ball flying out of bounds to the top of the barn.

I did not bother to complete the hole, but nervously hurried to the next tee. Anything to get away from the four ladies. This hole was a par-4, and it took me four just to reach the double-tiered green. One poor putt and I was left with a downhill curler to salvage a double-bogey 6. I hit the putt firmly, and it rolled past the hole, and on and on, and finally off the green.

The last was more than my caddie could stand. I heard a suffocating noise, something like a buffalo snort, then a tremendous burst of laughter. I turned to fix him with as baleful a glare as I could muster, and he stopped laughing and tried to apologize. But in the midst of his apology the humor of the situation was too much for me. I laughed and then we laughed together.

I know I can play better, but I never have. END

Now a nasal spray made just for your allergy-stuffed nose.

If your nose gets stuffed-up by hayfever, pollen, dust—or any of the little things that can bring on allergy-congestion, you need a special kind of help.

That's what new Allerest[®] Nasal Spray is all about.

It's specifically made for allergy-congestion. From Allerest, The Allergy Specialist.

To help relieve the stuffed, tight feeling in your nose, Allerest Nasal Spray uses two medically effective ingredients.



An antihistamine plus a decongestant often prescribed by doctors especially for the relief of allergy-congestion.

Allerest Nasal Spray works immediately...right where the stuffiness is. In your nose. Without introducing a lot of medicine that you don't need.

New Allerest Nasal Spray. Quick, effective relief for an allergy-stuffed nose.

From Allerest, The Allergy Specialist.

New Allerest Nasal Spray
Guaranteed to work or your money back.

Memorex makes cassette recording tape that can shatter glass and you don't even know what cassette recording tape is.

Those who know about cassette recording tape like the idea of a tape that's enclosed in its own protective case. A case that simply slips into a recorder, is recorded on, then played back.

They like the idea of getting more minutes of music on much less tape.

But there's the rub.

Nobody thought a tape that poked along at 1 7/8 inches per second could record music and play it back with true high fidelity. (Music is usually recorded on open reel tape at 7 1/2 inches per second.)

So cassette tape got shoved into a "good for words only" category, and a lot of people have never even heard of it.

But now Memorex has changed all that.

We've produced a new cassette tape that records and plays back with such precise fidelity that it can shatter glass. That's no easy job.

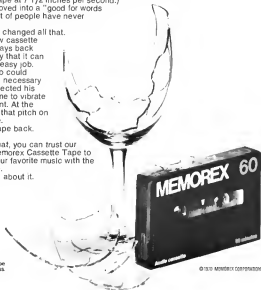
We found a singer who could maintain the exact pitch necessary to shatter glass and projected his voice with enough volume to vibrate a glass to its shatter point. At the same time, we recorded that pitch on Memorex Cassette Tape.

Then we played our tape back.

The glass shattered.

Because we can do that, you can trust our convenient, compact Memorex Cassette Tape to record and play back your favorite music with the same exacting precision.

And now you know all about it.



MEMOREX Recording Tape
Reproduction so true it can shatter glass.

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The Ironclad Punching Bag

Prefighters with the capacity to absorb punishment, whether or not they can dish it out, are generally crowd favorites. All the world loves the gutsy underdog who can take a beating and still come up for more. So it was natural that everyone loved Joe Grim.

A turn-of-the-century lightweight, born Saverio Giannone, Grim was the wonder of his time. Records of his earliest fights are sketchy, but it is generally believed he never fought below his weight division; certainly, no record of such a fight can now be found. On the other hand, he was *always* going in over his weight. And he was *always* being slugged to the canvas, only to bounce up and come in for more.

A New York columnist once extolled this Italian-born fighter's tenacity and courage. "Joe Grim had participated in perhaps 500 bouts," he wrote, "but a little more than half have been recorded. After getting up from a knockdown, the thick-necked pug—who stood but five-foot-seven—would get up, grin and clap his gloved hands together, mocking applause for his rival, and resume fighting with added fury."

For all his endurance, Grim was a surprisingly light puncher who apparently scored only three knockouts in his career. On the other hand, he was kayoed only three times. Because he was impervious to all but the hardest blows, he seldom bothered to block punches or to roll with them. His style was to tear in and keep swinging, hit or miss. Sometimes, after a particularly tough fight, he would turn handsprings or dance a jig before leaving the ring. The fans ate it up.

On occasion, to goad a cautious boxer into action, Grim would stick out his tongue or his chin and invite his opponent to take a free shot. "Hit me good, not a tap," he would say. Boxers who fell for the invitation usually found themselves being outfought and looking silly when they couldn't floor him.

Cartoonist and boxing writer Robert Edgren once said of Grim, "Knocking the Iron Man down with fists is a waste of time and effort, for he keeps getting up. To drop Grim for a long count, a boxer—if permitted—should use a crowbar or a baseball bat."

Grim's professional debut in 1903 was an auspicious one, in its way. During that first year he took on four men who at various times held no fewer than six

world titles. There was Barbados Joe Walcott (later to become world welterweight champion), Philadelphia Jack O'Brien (light heavyweight champ), Joe Gans (lightweight) and Bob Fitzsimmons (middleweight, light heavyweight and heavyweight). Fitzsimmons dropped Grim repeatedly—some say 17 times—in their fight and stared goggle-eyed at the young lightweight as he kept struggling to his feet.

One reason Grim consistently rated such topflight opposition was his utility as a human punching bag. He didn't hit hard enough to worry opponents excessively, and he made such a good and durable target. And there was always the possibility of knocking him out and gaining notoriety for the feat.

Grim's bête noire, the man who played Tony Zale to his Rocky Graziano, was Saylor Burke, a savage puncher of the era who fought him four times with pulverizing results. In their first bout in 1905 the Saylor won in three rounds. In May of the following year Grim met Burke again, and after being staggered and dropped repeatedly through the first two rounds, he was kayoed in the third—his first knockout. Grim protested the decision and offered to fight Burke again, which he did exactly one month later. The script was identical. Burke kept flooring Grim, only to see the smaller boxer rise to his feet. For six rounds they traded blows and—despite the knockdowns—it went for no decision. Burke was disgruntled. "I don't know how he stood the six rounds," he said. "I want another crack at him."

Grim obliged. The following April they fought another six-rounder that was notable chiefly for the carnage and Grim's tenacity. In the end the referee called it a draw.

Grim's achievement, such as it was, could never be repeated today. Modern regulations usually require a knockout anytime a fighter is felled three times in one round, and any fighter with as many adverse decisions as Grim would probably be banned from the ring. Neither would Grim's appalling mismatches have been tolerated today. One opponent was

Heavyweight Jack Johnson, who outweighed Grim by about 50 pounds. They met on July 24, 1905 and Johnson, of course, battered Grim all over the ring. Estimates of how many times Grim went down range as high as 20, thus in six rounds. Grim was still on his feet at the end though his face was a bloody mess and it was called "no decision." Johnson told him, "For a little man, you sure can take big punches." Grim responded by doing a somersault.

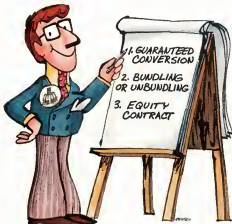
Some of Grim's engagements were true endurance affairs. He fought numerous 20-rounders, including 12 in 1908—10 of them in a row—going the distance each time. Thus, in a single year's fighting (with several six-rounders thrown in), he had amassed as many rounds of competition as most of today's fighters manage in a lifetime.

Although he fought occasionally afterward, 1908 was Grim's last year of serious competition. He went to Europe in 1910, appearing in several exhibition matches and one furious 12-rounder with Sam McVey, an American heavyweight who knocked him out for only the second time in his career. ("I was stale," Grim told reporters.) Returning to the United States, he turned promoter and matchmaker, and with a partner started an arena in Philadelphia. After putting together a few cards, Grim took off for Calgary for a match with Luther McCarty, the 6'4", 205-pound current "white hope" being built to try for Johnson's title. McCarty managed to knock out Grim for the third and last time in the fourth round of their brawl. Grim came back to Philadelphia, promoted some more fights, lost his club and closed out his ring career.

In later years Grim's amazing durability came to the attention of the medical profession, and he was asked to undergo tests to determine the source of his tolerance for punishment. Doctors looked him over closely, and he was finally released from the hospital with a \$500 check for his trouble. The report was less than informative. It said Joe Grim was, after all, only human.

—FRED EISENSTADT

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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

NOT SO RED HOT

Sirs:

Regarding the article, *Cincinnati's Big Red Chuk* (June 7) by William F. Reed, please let me say that a better name for this so-called machine is The Little Red Wagon. The 1971 Reds are so inept as compared to last year's powerhouse that it is really pitiful! As for the Reds' still having togetherness, I disagree. They don't possess the same old desire that enabled them to click on all cylinders in '70. On the other hand, the San Francisco Giants do have togetherness, plus everything else. That's why they're running away from the rest of the pack in the NL West!

WILLIAM F. O'BRIEN

Cincinnati

Sirs:

The Reds will come back this year, they have to with the talent they have. Their pitching has been good enough, only the big guns have been quiet. The Machine will roll again, as it did (12-0) on June 4 against St. Louis, then the Eastern Division leader. Just give it time to warm up.

GREG RIEVES

Wyckoff, N.J.

BRICKS

Sirs:

Robert F. Jones really brought out the color, glory and agony of the Indy 500 (*Johnny Lightning Drives Through the Wheelbarrow*, June 7). This was a superb job of writing about the greatest spectacle in racing. But the part of the story I liked best was the bravery of Gary Bettenhausen. Even though he was far behind, it takes some kind of guts to stop to pull a man out of a burning race car. I think Bettenhausen will be long remembered for his heroic deed.

BILL SAUVE

Marietta, Wis.

Sirs:

Robert F. Jones' Indy article is beyond belief. As an avid race fan, I think he showed poor taste by saying, "As he entered Turn Four late in the race, Bobby Unser nearly bought the same chunk of farm his brother Jerry did back in 1959." Jerry Unser was fatally burned in that crash. You also failed to mention the great A. J. Foyt, who has won three times and finished third this year.

JEFF CHETWOOD

Bloomington, Ind.

Sirs:

After reading Ken Chapin's article on successful Indy mechanic George Bignotti (*Big Man with an Indy Wrench*, May 24), I

viewed with renewed interest this year's 500. Never before had I realized the true value of the man behind the race car in the pits.

Now, if we could only get Mr. Bignotti to give the Big Red Machine a tune-up...

JOSEPH T. HELMS

Cincinnati

JEANNETTE'S FEAT

Sirs:

It was my good fortune to have acted as deputy leader on the recent trekking tour in western Nepal organized by Theo F. Cook & Son, Ltd. (*Himalayan Trek or Treat*, June 7). I am writing to recommend that Jeannette Bruce be asked to undertake all the most physically demanding and dangerous assignments for your magazine in the future, as I estimate that her unique attitude toward physical exertion in any shape or form gives her an immediate advantage over her colleagues.

Jeannette walks very slowly in the moun-



BRUCE'S BLISTERS

tains. So imperceptible was the amount of her movement that she was mistaken for a tree on several occasions. A small tree smoking a cigarette, but a tree nevertheless. Her near-masochistic desire to fall headlong into freezing mountain streams at all available opportunities was also made evident early in the proceedings.

Her performance on trek can only have one explanation. She is obviously an extremely hardened and experienced mountaineer who believed that she would be shaming her companions (especially the men) if she showed anything of her true form. She felt obliged to appear weak and helpless at all times and feigned death on reaching camp at the end of each day's march. What agony she must have experienced in restraining the massive forces of energy that were aching to propel her through the mountains at breakneck speed. She even wore boots five sizes too small in order to acquire a sum-

total of 38 blisters all at the same time—a world record awaiting ratification.

Such thoughtfulness should not go without notice.

ANTHONY FOX

London

DOMES' DAY

Sirs:

Concerning the article *Let Me Make One Thing Clear* (June 7), I would like to make it clear that most New Orleanians do not oppose a reasonably priced domed stadium. It could stimulate the Louisiana economy, provided it had a reasonable chance of financial success. Most public opposition is directed to those elected officials who have continually refused to grant Louisiana citizens a second vote on this controversial financial expenditure. As your excellent article indicated, voters in 1966 approved three to one a \$35 million domed stadium with no state backing. Voters have been denied a vote in the 270% cost increase to \$129.5 million with state backing. This is a flagrant suppression of voter rights.

New Orleans Mayor Moon Landreou states, "Any jackass can kick a barn down," but many Louisianians reply that in a democracy barn kickers are essential to protect the taxpayers from political sheep shearing.

ROBERT W. EVERETT JR.

New Orleans

NO BETTING

Sirs:

Regarding your SCORE CARD item "Stirring Bet-Mates" (June 7), I feel the main point has been overlooked. Legalizing betting on teams and players in the three major sports, football, baseball and basketball, would run the interest in the games, making them obnoxious rather than pastimes. Horse racing is a good market for betting, but horses and ballplayers are two different animals. Horses can't read, ballplayers can.

LARRY SKANTZ

Washington

STEEPLECHASER

Sirs:

Thanks for the fine story on steeplechaser Jerome Liebenberg (*Not a Dry Foot in the House*, June 7). As a former teammate of his, I know the kind of self-discipline and pride with which he conducts himself on the track. Although his off-the-track behavior has been the subject of much criticism, I find his lack of conformity refreshing. If nothing else, it helps break down the incredibly false stereotype of the distance runner as a grim, lonely mascot. In Lie-

continued



Taking a vacation is one thing. Going on it is another.

Sometimes vacations can be more work than work. Of course, once you've gotten to where you're going it may all have been worth it. But suppose you don't like where you're going once you've gotten there?

Then you're stuck.

You don't want that to happen. Neither do we. We're GMAC. General Motors Acceptance

Corporation. And obviously, we think a car would help solve this problem.

So General Motors dealers who use GMAC make it more convenient for people to buy cars. By uncomplicating financing. By financing your car, car insurance and creditor life insurance. Also trucks and appliances. Right where you buy. Quickly. With consideration.

At a cost you can live with.

So, next time you want to get away to some nice quiet place, you'll have something nice and quiet to get away in.

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In your own best interest—always remember, the most economical way to buy on time is to pay down as much as you can and pay the balance as soon as you can.



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19TH HOLE continued

benberg's case, nothing could be further from the truth. Masochistic, maybe. Grim, never! **JIM RAMMUSSEN**
Milwaukee

SLAM POSSIBILITIES

Sirs:

Jack Nicklaus thinks he can put together golf's current version of the Grand Slam in 1972, in spite of the probable odds of a million to one (*A Game Man Might Risk a Bet*, June 7). Nicklaus is perhaps the best golfer of this era, but I think the odds and golfing history are against his pulling off the Grand Slam in 1972 or ever.

Sam Snead won all of the big ones except the U.S. Open. The PGA Championship continues to elude Arnold Palmer. Bobby Jones, of another era, put together golf's only significant Slam, but that same year he lost the Savannah (Ga.) Open to Horton Smith by one stroke. Nicklaus says, "I was better prepared for the 1971 Masters than for any tournament I have ever played in," yet Jack did not win.

Nicklaus has the intelligence, skill, power and poise to win any one golf tournament, but he would have to climb over too many other superb golfers to pull off a Slam.

WADE RAMSEY

Fullerton, Calif.

NO MERGER

Sirs:

I commend you on a fine article about the NBA-ABA All-Star Game (*No Member from the Wedding*, June 7). I agree that the NBA stars were not "up" for the game. They were playing as the favorites in a game that meant nothing if they won and everything if they lost.

On the other hand, the ABA players had everything to gain and nothing to lose. There is no greater thrill or drive in sports than the thought of upsetting the No. 1 team. Of course, pros like these are not ones to be rattled, but I think this had some effect on the game.

All in all, it was a good game in that it proved what it was intended to prove, namely that the two leagues can compete without a merger. Every fan I know feels a merger would be wrong, and I wholeheartedly agree. A merger would destroy a great competitive spirit, which could also have its effect at the box office. I feel the leagues should merge insular as to end the insane bidding for players, but a complete merger would definitely hurt rather than help the attendance. Interleague games such as this one should be continued.

FRANK WAGNER

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